

MY THANKS TO FREUD

(Mein Dank an Freud)

Open Letter

*to Professor Sigmund Freud
for his 75th. birthday*

from

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translated from the German by William Needham

I

Dear Professor Freud,

In Thomas Mann's essay you come off very well ! But have I got it wrong? One can't rule out something that's not all that uncommon: a colossal misunderstanding. After all, isn't it very much Thomas Mann's way, to borrow the very essence of glory and fame from his double? If he's a stickler when it comes to questions of reason and rationality, it's only because he's a poet with an absolute abhorrence of romantic intrusions—or so it seems to me—but then secretly I have a greater liking for his poetical bursts than I do for his his steadfastness. However, initially he chalks up against you, quite undeservedly, a reproof of your inflexibility in the face of the spirit of the time, which he diagnoses as being a new romanticism, and holds that the one thing that you would find hard would be to give way to it. But all of us around you know and know full well what a sacrifice it has meant for you to involve yourself so deeply with the irrational, which is what your great discoveries demanded. We know that it is all of a piece with your life and with your intellect, and

that you were compelled by your own rationality to bring to the surface discoveries that were by no means pleasant but which—hand on heart!—you would often, in company with all the dyed-in-the-wool scientists of late last century, have preferred to disparage.

You will probably still remember our taking tea in the Munich Hofgarten following the turbulent 1913 Congress and your telling me about your recent experience of the so-called "telepathy", adding, with a little, unconcealed grimace:

"If for the purpose of research I actually have to step into this quagmire, then I wish no eventualities to occur until after my demise."

In addition to your acknowledging that Thomas Mann "says nothing that holds water" you also note in your letter regarding his portrait of you that "*he appears to have roughed out a romantic study and then, like a cabinet-maker, to have 'overlaid it with a veneer' of psychoanalysis.*"

Our attitude is almost the direct opposite of Thomas Mann's and that's precisely because our confidence in Freudian discoveries has grown as deep and unshakeable

as the basis upon which it rests. Or should I only speak for myself? No! It was because the results of your researches did not by any means go in the direction you yourself were expecting that in a unique way our confidence was established, and what was also established was the precedence of personal involvement over purely scientific restraint. Thus were created the human pre-conditions for our successors when undertaking investigations at depth. Quite out of the blue I recall the question that's usually asked half-jokingly—though now and then by our opponents even somewhat seriously: "*By whom and in what manner will the creator of psychoanalysis himself be analysed, seeing that he regards the procedure as imperative for all members of the Society?*" Well now! it was by this very method that he became its creator: it resulted from his struggle with what we call "resistance", that is, the resistance of his nature against the resistance of what that same nature had been happy to repress and cause him discomfort. And it was from this conflict with himself that there came forth a work of genius.

You were your first analysand as well as the founder of psychoanalysis.

In the meantime psychoanalysis has gained ground over the resolute resistance of people's prejudice, disparagement, derision, and indignation. We all knew that for us it meant sacrifice after sacrifice for a cause that was not only defiled and pilloried in people's minds, as happens with most new movements, but necessitated dealing with people's resistance, derived from hidden motivations of fear and fleeing, that can confront them "*and are clearly present in the guise of a particular obstacle which is deflected by the person in question, thus preventing correct realization*" (Freud).

Since then it has been made easy for each one of us to contend with every conceivable misery—the reason being this unearthing of the everyman, discovered at a cost to your own self and to elements of your personal life. Since then, by means of self-realization, one has been able, through self-confession, to be led away from fear and from the urge to flee. And at the same time and as a result of the living reality of your once-and-for-all-time accomplishment, we others are forever as one in our willingness to continue research and to make sacrifices as tokens of our dedication to the finest of human callings.

II

Here are the words you spoke as a doctor on the subject of the finest of all callings: "*The sick person is always right! For him the illness itself is not something he can despise, it is more like a worthy opponent, part of his being whose well-founded motives will stand him in good stead in his future life.*"

This statement removes the patient from the emptiness surrounding him and his isolation; it removes him from the misconception of shame, leaving him free to relate to other people. It underscores the similarity of human qualities, yet at the same time denies in every mind, the formation of close personal ties.

Viewed from the patients' angle this forming of personal ties seems to be based on them; however, what the entire analysis rests on is the "transfer". Almost from the beginning you drew attention to the fact that

the emotions, positive ones as much as negative ones, which the patient transfers to the analyst, are to be taken only from the patient's most distant emotional past; these items will be in the keeping of the analyst and be like old garments hanging from a clothes-stand, garments the patient is very loath to throw away. To the very end the analyst proceeds along two different lines: in one the analyst takes the patient by the hand, analytically speaking, and leads them out of resurging memories that have been repressed, and when there are signs of obstacles, say unconscious and spontaneous movements, be they positive or negative, off-hand or for effect, brings them to the patient's awareness. But you have indeed also shown that there is something in that root source of our emotions and relations that altogether befits us, that it holds our earliest and oldest impressions and that it is from that past that we construct the present; that as a consequence the ultimate distinction of the transfer during analysis is primarily the reaction of the analyst. Whilst the analyst hasn't to respond but to exploit, and has to use the transfer as a cure, he will let certain memories be glossed over in favour of fonder ones should the patient become annoyed and stop or the resistance be hostile. It is only through the increasing insight of the

patient into this inner state of affairs that the whole of the task can be shared and explorations of connections in the unconscious be undertaken at last and revealed by both parties together.

This is the very moment when investigation in depth separates totally and validly from the practices, on the one hand of confession, and on the other of hypnosis—separates, that is, from the search for deliberate motives that lead to action, so that they can be disciplined; and separating as well from the attempts to produce mental automatism to the point where suggestibility rather than the hypnotist takes consciousness by surprise. Both hypnosis as well as confession can be responsible for causing blunders in in-depth investigations; once your method is not strictly adhered to, once the desire to bring suggestion to bear, the inner workings that occur in the patient become blurred; it isn't clear what is freely willed and what has been whispered. Interference like that can easily happen and be quite unintentional, depending on whether the analyst wants to take the lead, or is too cajoling: someone "with a heart of gold" will certainly be at fault if they confuse their psychoanalytical role with that of the Good Samaritan. On the other hand it

must also be said that keeping neutral and objective can likewise go too far, and this is not uncommon: in a setting that is for the most part intellectual one tries to keep a check on the nervous stress inherent in the work; hence what tends to be forgotten is the stage where, expectantly, one listens for and empathises with the rich offering of unfamiliar outpourings from deep in the patient's unconscious. And for this to happen both the active and the passive need to work together, which does not succeed when we are being "economical" with ourselves. Such ministration requires nothing less than our entire close support, so that the helper and the one in need can come together in their mutual effort at a deep enough level, exactly where we can meet and be of help to each other because we are equal human beings.

What we wish to make clear is that we are all workers engaged in this one profession, in this vocation: from case to case our superiority resides in only two things: the first being the knowledge acquired through Freudian methodology, and the second, quite simply, being us, ourselves—witnessing Baron Munchhausen's attempt to pull himself out of the water by his own beard; should that situation arise, not even the

shrewdest analyst would be able to hold back. Our work gains further importance because the sick person carries within him as it were a second illness, as if it were a piece that had flaked off his personality; it is this which interferes with his wanting to recover as well as with his conscious efforts to do so, and like a cunning deceiver it takes advantage of his unconscious mind and thwarts him. In the struggle between these two different forces, it comes to him, gradually at least, that he is not identified with his illness, he is simply encumbered by it. It's an encumbrance that can be removed; nevertheless, right in the middle of the final removal one always encounters a pathological reaction of that same hostile perniciousness—a patient described it vividly: *it was like looking in a mirror that had split into a hundred tiny fragments and recognising the whole of the enemy's face in them all, down to the very last one.* Sheer anger will overtake what was once passivity and inertia until one reaches the point when hatred for the intruder condenses into the form of joy at the prospect of a cure. But the casting off of memories then gives rise to primeval fears that cannot but fall prey to a neurosis that causes a terrible eeriness to descend upon a reality that is now laid bare. Yet another patient was driven to make this poignant

observation: to think that all such as this looms behind man, behind each individual, when, faced with new situations, he's completely at a loss as to what will turn out to be best for him—something to provide him with that basic knowledge of the human condition that may in time show us all in a better light and rescue us from mere banality.

Indeed, psychoanalysis seems to me to be likewise a teasing out and picking to pieces of a person's history to get at fundamental meanings beyond those of shame and pride; these meanings the patient's illness does not contest, but simply confirms. Certainly it's not by chance that the one who first revealed the route to the unconscious was a doctor. Before you came, Professor, psychologists deemed people they treated healthy, or else interpreted the symptoms as verging on the mystical. More often than not it was as if they were sitting by a stretch of water exchanging opinions about fish swimming about below them that they couldn't see. They either fantasised over them philosophically or alternatively proudly caught a fish and put its dead body with the others awaiting methodical dissection. It is only now that one takes the fishing hook from the suffering fish and examining its wound in order to look

for signs of life, then seeing it plunge into its element. It is the latter way which, I am sure, has become significantly our way, especially as it applies the concepts of law and causality. As you, Professor, have made clear, those concepts together with the question of the rationale of the examination rules decide whether psychoanalysis stands or falls. But the steady discovery of fundamental determinist factors has come about on its own, and on two planes: in the application of a rational method of diagnosis in an individual instance, and, at the same time, the continual renewal of justifications and terms associated with the totality of living beings however deep the patient allows the rational method to go. It is what must have imposed itself most strikingly on you in your dream world as you went from layer to altered layer of details, and saw this over-particularised causal linking, while, deeper still, causes and effects criss-crossed one another: the sheer mass of material would occupy an interpreter for a lifetime. But what were you anticipating with your term "supra-determinations", Professor? In the academic world generally and for a long time now "causal series" was replaced by "conditionalism" which fitted well with familiar closed system terms. In view of the daily increasing number of our empirical findings it was

logical; also it would work equally well if it were extended as our researches went deeper and deeper. Consequently, for us psychoanalysts it results precisely in our having to manipulate our technical terms and methodology simply to make them count more deterministically, as is done in natural science. We simply guard our results from unacceptable and unreliable subjective conjecturing, which can invade science; though, I have to say, this protection inhibits the intrusion and free-flow of first-hand impressions. Our opponents as well as our "wellwishers" love to approach us with their artificial notions of what we are about and want to know more, but, being counsellors, educators, moralists, or religious people, they have a kind of polluting effect. Instead of arrogantly parading the confidence that they have in themselves, they would do better to put their trust in the unconscious jauntiness of a truly whole person, who, like the fish returned to its element, needs no one to point out his way, nor anyone to hold him back. And that's not to mention the fact that everything had tied in with the causes of his degrading bondage to his infantilism.

Professor, you are right to point out how normal it is for the patient's memory of his analyst to fade in the

same way people who have recovered their health cease being attached to their medicine bottle. However, it's difficult for me to imagine the reverse: the analyst could scarcely forget someone who had been their patient, the reason being that the patient had presented the analyst with an unrepeatable drama. And, examining the situation more closely, where lies the source of every single psychological feature? It's only there where the researcher in us finds himself offered that kind of information which is so intimate and true-to-life that it can escape the notice of even their closest friend, and can, nevertheless, immediately point the researcher in an entirely new direction, one that leads deep into our human nature as if it were displaying its own realization.

It was thus a double result, that of giving and of taking: the aim of the research could only be achieved on the basis of a person-to-person experience, the experience being, for its part, the positive result of the objectivity of the research. And when his work is concluded, provided it has been truly successful, the analyst will then see his patient turn towards the door that will open before him and return him to daily life take him back; and the analyst will probably at one

point ask himself: "Would I myself have been capable of facing this ordeal and seeing it through?" —all the more so when he has to take account of the fact that it often takes only the tiniest prompting from one's personal ambitions and stresses to plunge one into neurotic disorder. That is why leavetaking at the end of a session needs to be done with the genuine respect each person owes the other.

But do you know, Professor, what my most vivid memory of all that is? It was at one of the lectures you gave during the winter semester of 1912. You'd gone over and explained to us one of your cases a couple of times, taking it layer by layer back to the beginning, and then finally, effortlessly, presenting it intact, all of a piece, like a cake turned out of its mould. At that instant what shocked me and shocked everyone else was the inescapable feeling, the inescapable certainty—entirely unintentional on your part—that human life—life as life—is poetry. Without being conscious of it we are life, and day upon day, piece upon piece, in its inviolable entirety life lives us and writes our poem. This is a far cry from the old saying of "make your life a work of art" (the surest, indeed the only cure for all the mirror-gazing that that entails, is through

psychoanalysis: works of our own art — we are not).

What now became particularly clear to me— something I had already thought about—was the reason why, in the previously mentioned counter-transfer, the analyst selfishly reading his own thoughts in his treatment of the patient, is rather surprisingly analogous to the poet's relationship to his creations. I'm referring to that degree of objectivity, of neutrality, which the poet unknowingly, unstintingly, is able to draw from hidden depths within him, depths which are common to us all. For that reason he is immune to any conjectures—and dismisses them out of hand—that his work is governed by personal choice or that the features he exposes and notes and is eager to make known, are in any way repulsive. We also repudiate such charges and keep in close, serious fellowship, for example by the fact that our own indignation would make us want to fly at the throat of anyone disgusted by another's condition enough to utter his contempt. One could consider the relatedness to the object—of the analyst, of the poet—as not being comparable, despite the fact that they both abstain from the photographer's "smile please", and despite the fact that both confidently empathise with a person's inner situation and,

irrespective of what that condition be, respond fittingly in every case; one could object to the opposition of the two methods: one bent on analysing, the other on synthesising. And yet, this opposition is crucial: for one thing it is the reverse side of the cloth that is being considered, the way the individual threads travel, the way they intertwine, knot, and lead off; and for another, it is how one gains a clear impression of how these threads come together neatly on the visible side to make a pattern.

It's not only when one is ill that the "pattern proper", the overall impression, is not fully visible; there is a sort of health that can get in the way, as when someone puts up with too small an expectation of his life's possibilities. It's not all that rare, one comes across it, for example, in the teaching of analysis, while searching for the most personal point the "teacher" can, for convenience's sake, come up with a handy "Have you not been feeling too good?" instead of the more usual "What has made you feel like this?" And it is there, at the place where the two customary "resistances" in analysis are to be found—the holding on to what is displaceable and the holding on to the symptoms of the displacement—that it's possible for a third "resist-

ance" to be present which at first appears to be valid and is so greatly protective of the patient's health; the same applies to the patient's displeasure. But what is called for here are approved ways of gaining entry into this well-carpentered, impeccable little house with all its belongings—to a certain extent it's a person's uniformity that needs to be infringed. It comes down to the unacknowledged fear which all too early and with too firm a structure on account of wary ways, becoming suddenly transparent, as it were, with everything inside illuminated, and showing the outlines of a taller, vaster building than the cramped one they took it to be. Consequently there's likely to be a distinction to be made between being healthy and saying that you're healthy: we don't want to connive, as has sometimes been alleged, at over-estimating a patient's progress thus opening the door to even worse possibilities. To us "ill" signifies a disorder in a patient's functioning, yet health can wrongly be defined as a reduction of matter, from within a patient, that is, but leaving him otherwise intact. What used to be termed "mass Man", as opposed to prominent individuals, is a concept that is inapplicable to an individual whose development has been hampered by adverse circumstances and who can have full access to the very basis of his own self, and to

the creativity that can fountain from his unconscious; on the other hand, the most highly developed individual can have disregarded this access, deeming it unfavourable for the destiny that his intellect and experience should bring about. It's his nominal use of a life, his deliberate aligning of himself with the norm, instead of relinquishing his deep down self that places him, in spite of all his evident successes, among the many individuals that have been "reduced".

When psychoanalysis is fully effective the recovered patient will acquire, as a result, an enhanced mental image of the possibilities of his style of person. His return to himself is a fulfilment of who he indeed is, and at the same time of something more than he is: it rises within him and takes the form of areas of his life he has most forgotten as well as areas he is most familiar with, and these now act as a first stimulus to him to live as a person in his own right. It's not merely a matter of making a resolution, or decision, or understanding the root causes of an illness, or making a final judgement—no, the release of an instinctive outburst must transform itself into an ecstasy of love. I choose this potent saying deliberately: *Recovery is an act of love.* Returning to oneself is returning home with the

feeling of being welcomed, being given gifts, gathered in; and then comes an impulse from yourself to be active instead of the old way of standing still, not knowing where to go. Psychoanalysis has created nothing—in the sense of conjuring something out of thin air—all it has done has been to dig up, discover and reveal until—like water underground that can be heard murmuring gain, or like blood that has been restricted and can be felt pulsating again,—connectedness is able to bear witness to our being alive. Psychoanalysis is nothing other than the divesting procedure for the still unwell patient who is avoiding unmasking, the same procedure that the now well patient experienced as a liberation; even then, if, meanwhile, the external reality has remained unchanged and the patient finds himself beset with difficulties just as before, then for the first time it will be one reality dealing with another reality, instead of one spectre dealing with another spectre.

III

You may think I'm being overly emphatic when I speak of the achievable successes of full psycho-analyses (by 'full' I mean uncurtailed by lack of time, or by lack of the will to be cured). Nevertheless, the claims I make are based on your observation that, if there's to be any renewal, then the analysis has to arrive at a certain point, namely that foundation layer we have in us which you named "the narcissistic" : the last recognisable boundary of our competence, beyond which our crude analysis cannot reach. You spoke to me about it in 1912 before it was published under the title Introduction to Narcissism . The book is a landmark in psychoanalytic research, though I've always been under the impression that your observation has never been sufficiently exploited: for the very good reason that our authors, for the most part, tend to skate round it, blurring the distinction between narcissism and self-love. You told me in one of your letters that perhaps not quite enough distinction is made between self-love that is conscious and self-love that is unconscious but that doesn't cover the question, at

what point does the "self" turn about and see itself in its "counter-self"? In other words, at what point does self-love, while still undifferentiated, reconnect—selflessly—with its primitive relationship with everything? This umbilical cord goes on working indestructibly in the background of our conscious urges—one cannot fail to recognise the deep-seated root of our corporality, our individual, undetachable "exterior" that nonetheless is us—and indeed, this is what rendered the new term necessary from the beginning. In a physical context the term is capable in next to no time of being confused with self-love (as it is generally called), with a self that is not yet isolated, not yet perceptible, but is present in an all-in-one sense, provided our body is taken to constitute our inner and outer selves in a relationship that is full of inconsistencies. After all, this is what led you to use *monera* as an image, primitive forms of life that put out pseudopods only to draw them back again and re-absorb them—in the same way that we, before every new object occupation we withdraw into ourselves as into a reservoir of an as yet unstructured "I" world and the world outside it. Incidentally, at this point I can't help whispering my heretical claim, namely that I've not been in favour of the over-use that appears to have

been joyfully accorded to your later "it" at the expense of the well-tested concept of narcissism. To my mind the "it" carries with it no sense of there being a boundary to our competence, rather that it extends beyond into philosophical definitions, as if, to add to the confusion, there were not already as many "its" as there are philosophers who look askance at psychoanalysis.

I can see that one of the reasons why the massive significance of primary narcissism never gets its due is that people automatically associate us merely with our achievements in the field of man's primal condition. Now less than ever are we able to tell how much real damage has been caused by doing so. Our full self-individualisation and self-awareness would be greater, more enriching and, so to speak, readier to hand. The loss involved would be a lessening of what is, in fact, an indivisible reality. In contrast to what is regarded as one's own and is separate but continually ambiguous, this loss can be withdrawn and put aside. And its all the more important to remain mindful of this fact as the boundary character of narcissism seems to have had a double function throughout the whole of one's life: both as a reservoir of all psychological data down to the

most individual and subtle, and as the location of every relapse, every regressive tendency all the way from the development of the "I" to the development of their first expression and their "fixation" at infancy. It's the same with our organs, no matter that they're so differentiated, they are able to draw from a reserve of protoplasm in order to stay alive; and at the same time, of course, it's because they are able to differentiate down to each single cell that life is bestowed on them. Isn't this the real purpose of psychoanalysis that's taken for granted in its masterly feats: attacking what is pathological, to reduce it, to bring to light in one's own "narcissism" the creative aspect of being alive?

Beyond glimpses that are barely understandable and together with all the evidence from the narcissistic boundary there is the psychological experience hidden away from conscious witness in the processes of our biological natures—which means that from there we can only go back; psychological terms will be of no use as we will only have exterior to go by, we will be confronted with a body. At one point only can we suppose that we're physically coming to grips with the reversal: that is when we are simultaneously in a state

of psychological excitement that travels, so to speak, from the outside in and results in the sex act. It strikes me almost as odd that its precisely at this point that the silly anti-Freud fuss was made all because of an exaggerated reaction to sexual topics: before climbing a ladder doesn't one first have to inspect its rungs as well as the ground it's standing on: and doesn't it follow that its the same when ladder and ground are one and the same? Only by the "most inspired" rally can the ladder, should its stance and footing be dislocated, be toppled—like the famous Jacob's Ladder. And its all the same whichever rung you happen to be on, whether you're undertaking research that is "sublimated" or is blatantly physical. After all, contrary to current and laudable custom, the naming of the things one wants to talk about, things that previously lent themselves neatly to definition, would be best served by jumbling them all up (in the way ladders simply remain ladders and are interchangeable), whether the topic is sexuality, sensuality, the erotic, love, libido, or something in the same vein.

This is because anything that has to do with physicality, separating thing from thing, person from person, figures in the "open secret" as a distinct unifier of

both internal and external processes: our own body, after all, is but our nearest adjacent piece of exteriority that is indivisible from our intimate self, our identity, but nevertheless divorced from us in that we have to be acquainted with it and study it as we do with all the rest of external objects. Thus, in our objective relations it is both the severing surface for everything as well as the meeting surface for everything—our own demarcation as well as our inclusiveness—down to our chemical formulae which derive from inorganic ones. It's as a consequence of this that our physicality is located in the very centre of all love drives between objects, and is right beside the bridge which, by means of that same physicality, can lead us out of the isolation of our personal confines and into a close relationship with everything; it is as if our physicality and only our physicality had in its safe-keeping the primitive memory of a common identity, whose vestige, so to speak, is still active between individuals in the form of our love drive. But, on the other hand, there arises in each one of us a hostility towards physicality resulting from the dissent of the developing "I", which, indeed, likewise stands its ground, and is greatly opposed to being taken over and to abandoning itself. This conflicting behaviour

towards the physical, this "ambivalence", was well noted by the creator of the term (our old friend and contradictor Bleuler), who avoided any judgementally "ethical" interpretation, in accordance with the restrictive principle that is built into our constitution as a bastion against invasion. For, as one may use a word or phrase for an underlying fear—be it sexual passion, triumph of Eros or power of love or goad of lust or any number of chosen names—there remains in each case a part that is shared by the unconscious, a part that threatens a violent outbreak against the orderly fortifications of our I-consciousness.

There is no better indication of this than the fact that our earliest sexual phases show both a passive as well as an active component: an abandonment of oneself and a defence of oneself—or an aggressive grasping of something—thus manifesting themselves as a pair of opposites, being partial drives in infancy, that develop in the erogenous zones of the body (as first established by you and gone into in more detail by our irreplaceable colleague, Abraham). One has the impression that it is as if everything is still undifferentiated and unconscious but is wanting to push through into the conscious, at least as the combination

of opposites (as happens in that rarest of cases), the so-called personalised drollery that goes by the name of sadomasochism. That is why whenever C. G. Jung made a point of identifying 'partial drives' as a Freudian term he commented that you were reverting to old-school psychology with its specialisms independent of one another; conversely I can think of nothing more plausible than this orderly arrangement, this separating out of physical entities from their primitive state; in the same way that the voicing of love, coming from the outer limit of the body, is followed by a physical maturation and is drawn into a special receptacle in a wholly separate individual. One fancies one is seeing the entire original skin-covering stretching longingly towards the urgently desired resumption, following the birth, of contact with the mother in order to be incorporated in the whole; the sucking of breastmilk brings oral ecstasy—a short period of blissful auto-eroticism until the teeth emerge, an event engendering the suspicion that there exists in close proximity an aggressive "other" which has unjustly snatched that gratification away; in the mature state of love one reverts to this pleasure, thus conforming with the customs of the earliest tribes

wherein the physical and the symbolic were closely intertwined, and with the sacred duties of cannibalism.

A striking feature of the sexual phases of early infancy is the way they generally stay intermeshed, the reason being the same as the one that will be encountered later on: the meagre amount of self-knowledge that humans possess; "two hearts in a single breast"—two, but separate, the one looking askance at the other. That was brought home to me most forcefully when I realised how early in life it was when the sexual drive and anal matters were referred to disapprovingly, and that the contempt for everything thought to be immoral was evident in such designations as "scum", "sordid", "disgusting", "low", and "lingering nasty smell", etc., and that these were to be lifelong norms. By the same token, people—and it may often include ourselves—fail to perceive what a tremendously important and positive contribution anal experience provides in regard to our intellectual attitude towards the world; in the initial struggle for cleanliness small children understand their bodily excretions as being external to them, alien, remote, something to be rejected even though they belong solely to them and as such are something they would like to keep in and

around them; as something that is distinctly from them, and as well as being an intimate part of them, they learn that, unlike the confusion in the case of auto-eroticism, there is a way to reconcile the inner with the outer, which is by simply differentiating them. This marks the very beginning of a lifetime's mental accommodation of the interaction of continual differentiations and the strong instincts that keeps us engaged with the world. Thus, from then onwards the never-ending problems concerning the subject and the object are no longer confined to the philosophical speculations of adults but are more the province of every individual, especially those with the richest emotional experiences: the mother's glorious propensity for feeling that the child born to her is partly her as well—this conscious being capable from its solitude to make mental grasps at the world.

Just as the early sexual phases—for instance, the desire to touch, to take hold with the mouth, to expel anally—are aimed at accommodating the love object, there is yet another direction into which infancy turns that is distinct from the others: on the one hand it is already directed at the genitals, despite the fact that it won't fully achieve its purpose with regard to the ob-

ject until puberty; on the other hand there is some turning back to auto-eroticism even though it came to a halt during the earliest phase. This throws a little light on why the practice of onanism was universally frowned upon in the past and more fiercely condemned than other forms of children's sensuality—despite the fact that the huge variety of concealed techniques were obviously blithely ignored by the elders. Actually we need to go back to the ancient world to encounter a state of mind which celebrates (as you, Professor, have observed) the love drive unrelated to the love object: it celebrates being true to one's partner and making sacrifices for them; in brief it is devoid of all ethical reference or any opposition of body and mind. Discussion of onanism can cause tempers to rise, the reason being the failure to distinguish between various tendencies—as, for example, the physiological prompting of early-stage infantile masturbation, or the makeshift remedy for the vicissitudes of fate, or intrinsic onanism which has masturbation as its aim as opposed to a sexual relationship with a partner, a tendency that is usually pathological in origin. Although in all three cases too much is actually harmful (especially in the case of unpartnered individuals), it is the knowledge of the threat and punishment that

brings about real harm with talk of guilt and dire repercussions that are the really serious consequences and extend far beyond exaggerated concern. Feelings of guilt and fear are astonishingly stronger here than in other threatening situations, and what is of deepest concern regarding this infantile activity are the phantasies that accompany it. In our infancy the initial struggle between believing in and disregarding the all-pervading power of thought is due to a disappointment in reality; fantasising is useful for balancing things out and is just as susceptible and sensitive to the real threat of punishment as it is to the determination to be defiant in our desire. Both are performed with the force that only the passion from earlier stimulations can summon, and no attempt to appease it physically or logically is possible. Considering the young child separately, it is still possible for there to be a merging of reality and phantasy, as many an artist will later exemplify as he retravels his childhood, using it as the source of the dream-reality of his work, or, in the case of a sick person, using it as a pool to drown in.

I recall that you once had a discussion with C.J. Jung centering on the problem (recorded in Infantile

Neurosis: "Primal experience or phantasy") of first sexual reminiscencies. I couldn't help but conclude that it wasn't a matter of this observation or that but of the circumstances from which they evolved. It is solely in the child where sufficient trace of his "autoerotic confusion" resides, albeit the distinction is weak between what is accepted as real and what forms part of a phantasy world; the world that impinges most on the child offers this double reference with such intensity it is as if it had gathered up the whole meaning of the entire unknown world; the beloved parent is lavished with a sort of dreamy rapture, similar to that which we come close to experiencing as we mature, for people who embody all that is joy and excitement—on the other hand it is stark reality that engulfs the child. To all intents and purposes it is only when disillusion is experienced that the internal processes and the external occurrences gradually diverge. Prior to the disillusionment the love object simply cannot be thought to be sufficiently biased toward either the dream or the reality to serve as a guide. At some time or other, as consciousness dawns, the Oedipus complex will secretly become an established fact and its wandering off into the region of total unfulfilment—one might say: from the darkness of

night into the brightness of day—must mark a bringing into line of the whole of one's later existence with the most powerful effects of infancy. This contrast between dark and light, as it were, cannot fail to cause the child, caught as it is between its parents or carers, untold anxiety. Behind every child there lies the secret of a "hidden past", less admitted to than some of the things one tries to forget or attempts to disown. This occurrence constitutes the major test of one's psychic health: dependent upon it are all the things that will come later and will affect the fulfilment of one's secret joys, the first acts of love, the first embracings of existence that one has granted oneself that will, despite all else, make it possible or not to transpose as time goes on what is all too ephemeral in conformity with one's environment and with one's fellow creatures. Consequently this is when it is determined whether the whole of one's life is to be that of sickness or of health: remaining bogged down in the infant stage or developing along maturing lines, enabling experiences of infancy to help one along.

Just as one can avoid such dangers so too one can see all one's best laid plans founder, yet still show resignation and let reason dictate one's submission to

the human condition. But this is how one comes to understand the sick person even though one recognises traces of the same malady in themselves: one's own healed scar, one's wound that kept opening. If in regard to children we too often have been less than attentive, as surely happens, we'll readily interpret the physical changes in them without entertaining any thought of there possibly being any spiritual ones. It demonstrates that we automatically assume their primitive desires and pains to be harmless. By the same token we find it easier to exaggerate and demonise an adult even though that adult is changing and is thus already aligned with the principles of pragmatism and logic: in other words, whatever he has based his life upon previously is now secondary. For when we are fully aware it is like being at the foot of gigantic geological formations that were thrown up at the beginning of the world are later shaped into a familiar landscape of foothills, lakes, forests and trails. Only someone who has become lost in that rough primary era environment of ages-old mountain glaciations knows something of it but is not able to communicate it. But the kind of light and quality of light that our humanised landscape is exposed to derive entirely from those giant masses which one might just catch sight of floating away in the

hazy inconsistency of clouds in a dream. Imagining one's existence to have been harmlessly idyllic or of practical usefulness is a delusion; living that second part fully means being aware and facing up to the towering, overhanging mass that dominates it completely.

What you say about there being two different beginnings of sexuality specific to human beings of both sexes is pertinent to me. Though general sexuality in the form of diversified partial drives originating in the erogenous zones is still required to serve preliminary desire, it ebbs away only to collect in the onflow from the genitals whose primacy was already apparent in the sensations of early infancy. (No doubt between the two levels and commensurate with a person's sexuality, there's a central point, a "dead point", which you term a "latent period"—a kind of allotted space where the "I" can develop and can be open to educative and cultural influences). In the background our human eroticism is characterised by both of the two orientations constantly influencing each other so that we, even in maturity are not able to be unisexual, because every one of us is born having two parents. This immediately brings to mind the subject of inversion—of homoeroticism, to borrow Ferenczi's

term (in lieu of the dreadful and well-nigh obsolete vulgarism, homosexuality). You emphasise strongly that it cannot be counted as one of the fixated deviations of infancy that have a sexual intent, and that it can be a natural intensifier in response to corresponding components of the opposite sex, physical as well as psychological: in addition you assert that it must be regarded as pathological and possibly curable where signs of an obsessional neurosis are observed—where there is oscillation between male and female markers with over-compensation taking the form of hyperactivity and hyperpassivity. However, between ourselves, I don't think it is sufficiently emphasised and not always acknowledged (apart from stressing the things that are lacking in both inversions) that it is, at the same time, something positive, in that they also have an advantage over the typical heterosexual. What I mean to say is that whatever may to some extent hinder the homoerotic in taking the last step in typifying himself as a heterosexual and cause him to hesitate before final validation of his maturity will stay with him as a mark of the fundamental erotic character that only eros possesses and is so condensed and preserved that its own passage from infantile sexuality has not yet been achieved. However, by being held

together, these manifestations of infantile sexuality attain a particular kind of maturity which the homoerotic would have to relinquish once more were it to become a unisexual "half". It seems to me that early manifestations, at least here and there, discard some of their material character in much the same way as we imagine instincts are able to sublimate into artistic or scientific or other erotic-intellectual pursuits. In homoerotic partnerships one very often notes a particular zest, effusiveness, exuberance—however one would want to call this drawing together as one, this mutual idolising: one might think they had been born of the same mother (even though this is undoubtedly a sign of compulsive neurosis and could be queried). In passing: it's my opinion that this feature also denotes the real nature of this—let us call it "friendship"—and it is certainly open to question whether or not in the case of opposite sexes, it would be achievable prior to old age: in point of fact it could be given a third name whereby both of the friends could make known to others their mutual erotic feelings (irrespective of the depth of it which is every bit as valid as the depth of someone's obsession with sport and, as the Good Lord is judge, every bit as intense). In that way the relationship can with perfect ease move from the personal to the

superpersonal and in turn into a relationship that has a component which is to some degree non-physical. Likewise homoeroticism contains, as it were, a transcendent and desensualised element not just in the sense of high-level sublimation got by educating the "I" but in the sense of being indeed elementary; it is when no decisive factor is involved and when the sexual commitment is, as far as possible, in imitation of heterosexual intimacy that one relinquishes the advantage one had—to have experiences that are out of the ordinary in that they derive from and reinforce an infancy that is wholly intact and sorts well with spiritual "I" tendencies. At the same time, however, it has to be said that there is to some extent a particular kind of danger that can open up even when the fine, positive merits of the "cosmographic Eros" are heralded and most definitely understood, that danger being a space of mystical exaltation that can hardly avoid making the relationship unsteady. At that point it is as if the transcendent element formed no part whatsoever of a natural sexual bond whilst still nevertheless devotedly and in all manner of ways offering from its infant years its more concrete tributes for mankind's development. Its great significance for all civilised mankind (which is acknowledged

repeatedly) changes to become a welter of misgivings regarding civilisation and spirit, and confuses the creative zest stemming from its infancy with its mature adulthood.

It would be interesting to consider also in what way heterosexual love, when deeply and powerfully expressed, automatically comes to sublimate its impulse —resulting as that does, from its realisation of its object. It seems to me to come about because one's partial affinity with the opposite sex has been excluded from love play and now finds itself at a distance, wistful and transfigured, enraptured by the beauty of the inaccessible and enjoying projecting the beautiful erotic and the erotic beauty on the love partner. Admittedly there's the risk of disappointment, but in the actual love struggle with the illusory love-object the homoerotic has the advantage of being able to fall back, as it were, on its own fundamental self.

For half of humanity—that is, for women—these difficulties, normally, thanks to nature, take care of themselves. For it is to the woman—though the male sex is involved—that the gift of motherhood is given, making her first parent, nourisher, guide, protector.

And, by contrast, it is all the more marked by the man's passive role, that the woman's part is biological and psychic together and that it is specifically within her happiness where the erotic can fully unfold—ah! how good it is for us to see it brought out into the open: that the role of the female sex is not one of resignation but of happiness). Men, the other half of humanity, have in no way been willing to go beyond their boundary; it is the man, the wholly heterosexual man, who makes the decisive step and ultimately invades the opposite sex, his complement, thereby condemning himself to male bias as well as to the competition between devoting himself to his family and devoting himself to factual matters, to a vocation, things like that. Only the man is torn between developing the autonomous "I" and quelling its erotic urgings. But then he takes it upon himself to bear the whole weight of this human paradox; he alone, now and again, will put all his might into an effort to solve the insoluble problem: "assert the I or pursue love?" He'd probably be the only one to scoff at the huge number of today's wedding feast recipes where, for the most loving and beautiful marriages, the food tends to be deliberately, by personal choice, specially flavoured. He'll know only too well that such enhancement will not last. The

"pathos of distance" notwithstanding, husband and wife will test the love experience until it no longer exists, thus leaving themselves, for better or for worse, to the mercy of the reality of their partnership. It's as when one brings a new human being into the world, one feels responsible and to some extent daring, knowing that the little one adds further concern to one's existence.

However one is, or might choose to be, in the fluctuations of one's erotic fate there's not at first any great difference between being in a marriage or being in a partnership. We must though have regained beforehand, deep down, our most primitive self—regained, that is, in the manifestation of the original and still unconditional fundamental unity of body and spirit. Only the erotic can lead the way back to where at any time we have a sense of permanence, where we can tentatively put out feelers the way the earlier described moneres put out their pseudopods; we see that what is exterior to us cannot be taken completely seriously, and, by the same token, we cannot assume that what is interior will be totally different. This is the only way to overcome the opposing tendencies of body and spirit that have been set up within us. Furthermore, we can never expect to be able to

abandon this inferior/superior approach unless we allow ourselves to do more than just tolerate both bodily and spiritual pleasures; conversely, it is important we do not taint our enjoyment of pleasures that are the breath of life with reproaches of unrestrained lust. There is that reckless, exuberant erotic moment when both lovers are enveloped in the same intense glow, each lover emitting a deep breath that could only indicate a fulfilment in the very ground of their being. Set free by Eros one's primitive self is able to celebrate with its partner in a loving embrace, a magnificent symbol of what in one's consciousness may be a notable reflection that belongs rather to the realm of dreams.

Consequently physicality, from its most primitive to its most conscious yearnings, is everywhere at the centre of the erotic, and whoever is searching for a more divine footing will need to come to terms with that fact because the physical and the divine cannot, in any case, do other than proceed towards each other.

IV

"Eros never ceases": provided, that is, that heated passion doesn't boil over. The effects of Eros ensure that we stay united with all that is in the mother's belly: for us there is no decisive cutting of the umbilical cord. All the while we are developing personally and establishing boundaries for the "I" we are in touch with the whole of our surroundings even though the sounds be distant and muffled. And it is only because it is so that we are able to witness a surprising phenomenon in cases where the bond of love has become strained. It is not wholly unknown for a weakening of affection to bring about a greater understanding on the part of the one who has been abandoned: no longer flushed with love the mind is occupied not by shimmering visions of the former beloved in all their splendour but, more objectively, on their special qualities—aside, that is, from the ones occasioned by love. To an extent, an experience like that can give rise to a kind of newer and deeper

respect, something one is willing to accord to the former lover's concepts and outlook as distinct from one's own; and if it means subordinating oneself it is in the sense of leaving it to wider influences than can be found, not within one's own narrow confines, but in a sphere where feelings are paramount and individuals are less closely, less ardently and, as a consequence, less harmfully bound to each other, a sphere where it would almost be possible, despite the confusion of demands one's impulses make on reality, to finally reach a small patch of paradise where even the lamb and the lion will allow each other a little room. In this unassuming environment one could continue the habit of using that most pompous of commonplaces "a general love of humanity" provided that the convenient abstraction "humanity" wasn't taken as a cue to spill out a confused mass of feelings. For in close proximity to the aforementioned peaceful meadows there is already in residence one's blatant and much needy self which has seized the land as its own exclusive property for the sake of its mistakes and bogus transferences that remain too deeply and subjectively immersed for their effusiveness ever to dwindle.

It's good to be clear about our relatedness to what is

extra-human, be it animals, plants, or even objects and landscapes—which, after all, cause us less disturbance by becoming mere symbols of themselves for the purposes of the for-and-against tally we keep. Even in our love of plants it's the aesthetic side of our sensibility which comes to the fore; indeed you'll often find that people of a cold nature will take to a creature that can experience pleasure and pain (—as one little girl said of herself: "I'm better friends with animals than I am with people"). Human partners prove to be immensely demanding love objects who cannot be accommodated in a niggardly fashion, unlike animals which can be won over with love's crumbs; and yet for all animals this is a truly great event in that marvellous world of theirs that is incomprehensible to us. But it is precisely because this takes place at a more basic level that we can draw from it a rough comparison with ourselves, and are so deeply moved by it; whilst, in our case, the all-too human take away too much of our sympathy and shared joy to the point where lesser dissimilarities between individuals can cause relations to cool. That is why it doesn't mean much to me when people refer to themselves as "animal lovers", or when I hear the tale of the prisoner in his cell and the famous rat with which he shared his meagre ration of bread, or

even when I read in one of Rosa Luxemburg's marvellous letters how, moved by a deep passion, she blessed the ant-eaten cockchafers. The result was that the cockchafers benefitted excessively from the revolutionary's reactive hatred, and there lurks the suspicion that the act points to an unmistakably neurotic attempt to compensate by avenging herself on all kinds of fat cockchafers.

But in general its simply a matter of individuals keeping themselves to themselves and having no relationship with another human being. What they want is to be left in peace and to live out their lives free from hate. For whenever our individuality sees itself being forced into a love relationship with another individuality it straightway puts at risk its struggle to develop the "I", a struggle that is every bit as pressing and fundamental as are the passion and exclusiveness that threaten it. The interdependency of hate and love that you have always remarked on is evident in the very first step which we take with a certain willingness and equability towards all, including, without exaggeration, ourselves. It is most improper for us to employ the word "hate", it being another such term as "brutish", "rough", or "indifferent" that one associates with being

calculating or self-seeking, when in fact there's no libidinous entanglement to hinder the other party nor physical sensation to harm it. Hate, in the sense of being a libidinous impulse, not only ruthlessly overwhelms any obstacle that stands in its way to its goal, it lingers, cruelly savouring what it has done before proceeding to solder the ecstasy element to what the "I" has its sights on, an action that has made haters of each one of us at some time or other. We are by no means readily conscious of our hate, being of the view that we have been seized by a heightened aversion, whilst behind what the "I" has rationalised factually, we are at the sinister edge of the yawning abyss wherein lie human contradictions, even though we can only glimpse them through a dark narrow opening. We prefer to treat the objects of our aversion civilly, even politely, seeing that they are short-lived. Cruelly tormenting a loved one is still tormenting, and keeps the "I" from pursuing its aims: the love impulse is swallowed up by the power impulse, which perverts it so that it becomes a sensual pleasure. This tension on two sides—which rightly exists in the self-differentiation in the very earliest stage of infancy—can later turn into a cruel reality, and the soreness of one's own hurt and be enough to alert one to another's

chance affliction and, as a result, cause one to be oversensual. We have now come to the "reactive" characteristics which you wonderfully and convincingly to us all, set in opposition to those characteristics that are reworked in order to be positive, in a word: "sublimated". It is an irrefutable fact that reactivity is dangerously close to being pathological because in its shift back to infancy—in the midst of ongoing stages in development—it encounters anew the confusion as to what pertains to the "I" and what pertains to the "you".

But just as it's expected of us not even occasionally to go all of a tumble we live out our lives bogged down on the one hand and on the other having to integrate with the whole of the outside world because it's made of the same stuff as we are, so that we are balked by the fact that separation from it and integration with it are forever in opposition. However, this indissoluble association is what every human being is heir to. With isolation on one hand and a whole-embracing contentment on the other, we swiftly opt for both "loving" and "hating", naming them extravagantly for evermore "soul". With the initial shock of being born we plunge into the anxiety of a strange existence in which we are deprived of our own selves: falling from everything into

nothing, (Freud: "*The anxiety at birth is the model of all later anxiety*"), as from life into death. Yet at the same time, with our first altered movements we are already experiencing that ineluctable urge to return home to the darkness of our mother's womb, to rescue that mutilated remnant we still are, to save it from further harm, in order that life and death may be interchangeable, one into the other. Both encounter each other in what you have baptised the "original castration", a term that already tells us that it is in this primal event where the wish to live can just be heard, as can the new body's urgings against it. From the outset profit and loss are intertwined, to the extent that our emotional reactions actually register nothing other than: in the beginning the word was ambivalence.

Bursting out of the unconscious as if it were having its first contact with fresh air comes the main stem of the spirit, sending out two branches, both secondary, branches that, despite their appearance, are deep down, still one. It was on this point that Adler differed from us: he contested their whole legitimacy by his grafting erotic impulses on the impulse for admiration, and by the way roots are cut off flowers and lighter

hands are employed to make all kinds of vase arrangements with the blooms. I was initially dismayed that your recent concept of the two-sided entity "love and hate", submission and aggression, in one direction at least makes less of a contrast than did Adler's: for you the aggressive component no longer counts as it once did as the self-affirming, self-expanding "I" that internalises before perpetrating a violence against the self until gradually and with the utmost cunning it succeeds in accomplishing the feat: "turning against one's own self". Instead you accord a degree of autonomy to the aggression impulse which requires no increase by means of external pressure but which is able to boost its own destructive tendency. Instead of both impulse directions being united in the root, the destruction-happy power impulse withdraws itself from that final common motivation, stemming from the still variable wish to be everything and to have everything (and until now even makes the turning against one's own self plausible by virtue of the irritation it inflicts on one's own inner boundaries). It's a puzzle to me how hard it is to get a clear idea of what this high-handedness of the aggression impulse is in itself—its almost impossible to follow, both empirically and analytically. Also I remember the work that Federn

did and how he went to such great lengths in order to put it in a nutshell, how he had to delve deeply into psychosis before he centred on melancholic psychosis with its dull indifference, its listlessness and lack of motivation, where the compulsion to destroy oneself is found—as it is elsewhere. But then is it permissible to regard psychotic-ischaemia to be the cause of the greatest decomposition of our impulses, and a valid signifier of that kind of illness and spasm that is present, though hidden, even in our normal unified impulses?

However, I'm casting my mind back to the early years of our psychoanalysis movement and I have to declare: that back then, despite your laying much less stress on the independence of the destructive impulse in opposition to the conservation impulse in us, we had all previously conceded the fact that the more one delved into the human soul, the more things came to light. The antithesis of unbridled hate was striving for civilised standards and sociality, and at that time the situation seemed all the more blatant—but we knew, nevertheless, that it is the "original sin" of individuation alone that prevents our eyes from seeing that great innocence that reposes above us, since it

alone provides the means whereby people can be analysed, and the two arch-enemies be shown to be blood brothers. And after all, isn't it through holding just this sort of discussion that we're now more frequently able to reconcile the two extremes: the criminal and the saint? (It actually applies, as you yourself have mentioned, not only to the near-extreme Russian stock character.) The criminal, if by that one means a person whose impulses betray an infant-stage influence which may even have remained fixed, would, so to speak, have a shorter distance to cover before he reached a point where his "I" attitude had faded into such a weak consciousness that to him it would be of little account, whereas the saint will cast off his former self, square his shoulders and hurl himself down into a welcoming embrace. Both criminal and saint would make a little headway—but that's all it would be: little; the distance still to go would be great. The cultured citizen finds himself in the middle of the two. His very culture is opposed to such drastic steps and such fierce behaviour. His way is to advance by taking a lot of small steps; this keeps things calm and gives him the initial strength to accomplish extraordinary things. It also makes possible the sudden transformation and rejuvenation of that "criminal" elemental force which is to

be found in the childlike restlessness that is evident in the poorer sections of society. What first comes bursting from an as yet unknown part of the unconscious—having trickled from subterranean fissures and springs and collected close to the conscious—cannot avoid behaving as impetuously as the new limits allow; breaking abruptly through the enclosing banks it rushes forward and only later settles down when it flows out into a wide, open sea.

Naturally one has to be able, as far as is possible, to distinguish between the two impulse directions, should they be humanly analysable. However, your grant of sovereignty in particular to the destructive impulse has cost its opposing impulse rather dearly; it no longer gives the same impression as it did previously of fading from view in the balancing out in the unconscious—though in order to become visible it had, as it were, to climb on the shoulder of the other—and seemed more likely to have been saddled with the stronger impulse of aggression. We continually refer to instances in mythology if we think they may well encapsulate an experience that is out of the ordinary. This is an illustration: to its furthest extent the primeval state was inorganic and possessed a deathlike calm so that

organic forms, created as a result of some necessity or other, were forced to take a roundabout way between one death and another and to show a semblance of liveliness, so to speak, in a kind of dance of death that drew on the services of erotic impulses. With that comes a new, more standardised style: but, despite the fact that it runs counter to your previous psycho-logical dualism, you rightly stressed—so it seems to me—that the two orientations have not had enough time together. I just want to add that I have nothing against the death orientation as such, on the contrary, I find it hasn't been developed enough. In fact everything, starting with logical concepts—not forgetting the nudging and winking towards a phoney eroticism—is simply "dead" and only comprehensible to our minds in the context with "physical", "material", "mechanical", "breaking into pieces", "dissecting", because its only through these that the mind can recognise itself; in other words, the only way it can orient itself is by following its very own method. Everything over and above that, every attempt to be "lively", "fervent", even only by an incommensurably small amount serves only to adulterate the method and all the more to kill it without enlivening anything. However, from our practice of psychoanalysis we already know: that we are

mechanically, piece by piece, clearing the ground in what is probably the only way to liberate patients who swing from feeling lively to feeling buried, something they cannot do for themselves: this being so, one cannot do better than continue with the dualist approach regardless. If we look at things the other way about, this experience of freedom in no way cancels out death for us, it simply intensifies life by virtue of the fact that it concerns all that has already affected us in our own lives. We add nothing more of ourselves by anthropomorphosising than we would by brushing aside the mechanics of analysing impressions in order to force them into a mould in our consciousness. Even what we term "inorganic" will imply nothing other than the limit of our attendant ability, thus offering tentative proof of our stupidity for which we have exchanged a wide and productive conceptual intelligence. Perceiving something to be dead or living means only one thing: that it is seen from a mechanical or psychic point of view, neither of which can hold its course sufficiently well unless we, also guided by psychic impressions, happen to be at the natural end of our ability to accompany exactly when we as the stranger ones learn about the inorganic—and both courses, possibly for us, are able to proceed as far as each other.

This other limit, the one we call our connection to the unconscious: it has more range than is possible for us to "know", as well as being the only thing we can know—how most terribly depressed, how dead to the real world, how cut off from their own consciousness are those who are unable to "die" and who cannot put an end to their condition, but who represent an almost out-of-time continuum, held back in that "reservoir of life", whose level—as they know whenever they become aware of it—will not drop. If we clearly recognise its "compulsion" then we can class the understanding and mind as being alive and must needs act accordingly even if we have to make an exception of any destructive impulses. One might well feel like dying, or be full of hate and anger, or feel as if one were surrendering to something unearthly, supernatural, much as if one's existence had been stabbed in the back, every instance calling out for a lively resolution (and indeed, be it said, apart from the half or wholly pathological confusions whereby the subject so often is unconsciously driven by a simulated wish fulfilment to destroy its happiness, even to destroy itself). For certain: illness, exhaustion, tiredness, disappointment, sorrow are to the highest

degree occasioned by the death-friendly face not only of physical states but the restraints of the psychic ones; however, those faces express in no less a way a "desire for something", a self-contentment from at least discovering the idea behind joy, yes, even the pure, affirmative answer of the Buddhist's nirvana, as a result of living where he does and his having dealt with all the negativity within him, which is the basis, after all, of much of his cheerful composure and preparedness for death which is found in Asian people compared to the unease of the European and his image of the Grim Reaper. But every now and then there are cases among West Indian folk which offer clear evidence of ecstasies, transfigurations in or before the agony; perhaps one can sometimes be too hasty in attributing them to influences of a solidly based faith. In actual fact death is not something that is done to us, but rather by us; it is us physically who are the dying body; it is we who not only incur resistance to death but do not protest, we who not only have those once steadfast, now collapsed, connections within us but are also the restorers of what had never ceased to include us with every conscious step we have taken.

It seems to me to typify the when and the how of a child's first coming to fear death. From what I've observed it occurs more often than not while children are still enjoying "the omnipotence of thought" and they reach a point when they wish to be sure that the obstacle has been "done away with", destroyed, obliterated. It's as if it's the first time the children have given way to the idea that both they and death belong to the mortal world. From then onwards, children are seized by the gruesomeness of death and yet are incapable of forming a wholly convincing picture of it in their mind. To the children's thinking, as they mature, the mysterious and threatening skeleton goes about in fleshly disguise and keeps coming back and, being an expression of the same life, simply melts into the crowd. This notion can indeed be added to in proportion to physical weakening on the subject's part, so that it can no longer with clear sight find its way back to that homeland to which everyone belongs
(—provided that in one's mind repressions still linger frighteningly like will-o-the-wisps, as was the case with Dürer's mother, a good and pious woman, who was assailed by deathbed horrors right to her last breath).

Depending on whether we are sensitive to one or other psychic resonance, we will tend to receive echoes of it, be they of "death" or of "life", and we will be able to employ words and designations, chiefly in a negative sense due to the conceptual character of our contemplations or inner happenings. It so happened that putting forward your concept of death and life impulses practically coincided with statements from S.Ferenczi and A.Stärcke who identified the same impulses, though in reverse order: life functioning as death and death functioning as life, so that the dissolution of the "I", the extinction of the part of the consciousness in the Eros served the death tendency, while the "I"-directed, power hungry individuation served to affirm life. It's simply not necessary for us to replace general terms with a nomenclature of our own; we may be anti-philosophy but philosophy is something we're born into—having to conciliate what we consider abstract or instinctive with mental images, as well as interpenetrating thoughts and feelings. I remember the conversations we had at the end of winter 1912 (faithfully recorded in a little red leather bound book) where you and I—long, long before you arrived at the formulations you put forward today—held forth on the same topic and agreed that even if

individuals hold the same views about things (no less so than in art for instance) then those things will still have been viewed through a temperament. But back then opponents, strong and not so strong, accused psychoanalysis of making themselves, as it were, "advocates of death", of creating a sort of neurotic situation (the very thing psychoanalysis set out to cure) by underestimating the efficacies of faith and hope, the cornerstones of life. By now this misconception has, no doubt, been rectified. But a different one has now sprung up to take its place: on the basis of your later writings—even though you justify them in the same manner you justified the earlier ones. Your opponents ascribe to you a gloomy outlook as regards civilising man's instincts by, as it were, having to deaden the living body in order to dispel chaos and learn to follow the "primacy of the intellect". A great cheer went up from the mouths of those who had originally received your revelations so badly. It is now established: man is "an ascetically-led animal", consequently, thanks to your care and concern, "all that is higher in man" is now acknowledged and in safe keeping. In one of your last writings you mention that initially you had tried provisionally, as it were, to emphasise the sovereignty of the death impulse and

that since then you have found it impossible to think otherwise. It is now important—more accurately, very important to me—to consider why this came about. For I see in it something quite different, something almost contrary in its effects to what those people who are now cheering you changed their tune. And it's precisely because what I automatically took to be philosophical I now sense "through a temperament" as being highly personal. So when, as a result of this, you appear to be throwing in your lot with death, to me it's not a case of being well disposed towards death on account of age or weariness with life, no, it's much more than that, it's the resolute way in which you align yourself with the realities of living; it's the fact that there's nothing that offends you more than someone painting a rosy picture of reality that is based on delusion and wishful thinking as if they were all that was needed to make life worth living. It's only when we face reality squarely, without delusions or pretences, that we and reality together can gather more benefits than we can gather on our own. There may be feigned and delusioned experiences still interwoven in what is left of our primal concord—even though it remains inaccessible to the intellect and to what is real and what is subjective. Personally I realise the danger that

subjective jollity involuntarily imparts to factual outcomes; I've already written and spoken to you about it: nothing pleases me more than to run on your lead—true, it has to be a very long lead—so I can scamper away, only to have you wind me in allow me to sit by you. For "by you" to me means the nearest I can be to where I know all profound knowledge lies.

V

How totally dependent we are on reality's "givens" and how completely restricted we are by its actualities. What convinced me of this was not only your exemplariness but the work I have done, step by step, in practising psychoanalysis. My strongest impressions endure, are vivid, and are all of a piece, so much so that it's like discovering the whole of psychoanalysis all over again, and having direct experiences which the addition

of subjective factors by us could only diminish. The kernel of human experience lies open to the trustworthy, uncritical removal of its shell in favour of a new, thin shell, strange and opaque; a removal that exhibits only the very slightest disregard of method and technique and is content with its auxiliary role and does not presume to be more than that. One can understand how people come to be ill when one thinks of the violence adults have done to themselves by having, of their own volition and as a result of their life experiences and their need to protect themselves, brought down the shutters all round their innermost being with the result that they are driving those experiences deep into themselves. On the subject of staying healthy it has been well said: "Nature is neither kernel nor shell" and "What's inside, what's outside?" Simple as that. Perfection of our whole being exists only in theoretical constructions, and we certainly don't need to go around looking neurotic, trying to decide between erecting a shell and removing the kernel, or between the danger of closing off the outside and the danger of falling into the void within. One can scarcely imagine how some people, impelled by their own impulses and endowed with self-awareness (or however you want to call it!) should adopt different attitudes to

everything they encounter. Those people will be disappointed whose early-infantile outlook persistently and mistakenly leads them to assume that they themselves epitomise a perfect universe; consequently they will make an attempt to either conceal their boundless expectations and perhaps reduce them, or leave them to the mercy of chance in the real world.

In each and every neurosis there is an element of self deception, an all-too prematurely successful trick of misleading oneself with lengthy deviations that are enticing but in fact take one even further from one's proper goal. Each and every neurosis feigns the sought-after compatibility of the inner world and the world around by appearing to cede space, one to the other, but in fact seizing it: be it that inner processes enjoy a consistency that implies the whole of reality resided there, and that all of the outer world had dissolved into an eerie shadowland, so that when the subject's essential being is faced with superior demands from the outside world it gives way to anxiety and doubt. One immediately calls to mind your in-depth study and clarification of the "uncanny" as the repression of what originally emerged as the natural and most familiar, most intimate and consequently frightening ghost that

had quit its coffin in order to wander eerily about, hiding behind it the bliss of our oldest pleasures and hopes all of which we have relinquished. It is this uncanniness which more than anything else clouds the daily life of the neurotic to the point where the swap-over expresses itself in faltering, losing track of things, where the illogical and absurd have the upper hand and where the sense of "what is inner is what is outer" is reversed. Then into the shrunken number of healthy reality experiences, into the cracks and voids that have torn into the mind come hordes of eerie phantoms, that then lie in wait, feigning a penitence that in cryptic irony signify a nothingness, phantoms that finally arouse suspicion of being themselves headed for the bottomless pit.

Both major types of neurosis—still recognisable and distinct amongst all the psychic illnesses: hysteria and obsessional neurosis—are fraternally happy to split the two forms of uncanniness and, while healthy people can have a passing acquaintance with it, ill people can find themselves so besieged by it that they no longer know who they are. Again and again I have the impression that a predisposition towards hysteria attaches itself with amazing promptness to assured expect-ations of

wish fulfilment (expectations that have lost none of their natural strength and are believed to be plentiful, so much so that they can be taken as an accomplished fact, a counter to all the denials of their existence (just as the hysteria syndrome constitutes wish fulfilment even when it necessitates a forced turnabout into the negative). Hence hysteria can be seen as a form of reality obtained through sheer obstinacy, maintaining constant reaffirmation of its existence and holding onto every ounce of proof of its accomplishments. At the same time, this inner affirmation was only made possible through having no idea of what reality was; in fact it was so cut off from real accomplishments that they might just as well have not been there; as a result of which they can be perceived only in the context of being dead and horrifying, having no connection with life, whence their apparent lack of guilt feelings which they recall only when they are on the way to recovery (by which time they'll find the memories themselves to be more interesting than depressing). This is why so often subjects will freely admit to having a liking for successful criminals and thieves and robbers who evade capture; and in the idealisations that follow on from their elation, they let not a single incompatible feature escape and indeed

find matches for them: the masculine with the feminine, the ethereal with the crudely sexual. Consequently in what little reality remains an hysterical outburst will almost completely seize physical hold of them. They are then free to indulge their illusions—particularly if the subjects have attained physical maturity, in which case sexual demands of a more infantile nature will be met by the subjects themselves, should they no longer have a partner. The connection between anxiety and conversion hysteria: the conversion of aroused anxieties that are jammed within the subject into physical symptoms such as paralysis, pains, convulsions, etc., that takes over the muddled situation that is entrusted to it, though it has no concept to offer. It's to be expected that anxiety hysteria subjects will be given to thrashing about and will present with other physical symptoms when exteriorising: in the "catharsis" which you have already stressed as being absolutely essential and which I witnessed for myself in two cases where impulses burst forth so noisily they could almost have been thought psychotic. This critical marker of eventual recovery, as one might describe it, nevertheless indicates an unadulterated, undiminished illusion hysteria that is as strong and intact as it was at the onset of the illness, so that one is led to feel how

closely the illness borders on the need of conflict-prone humanity for some affirmation of life. The two go together side by side: expression of the normal and expression of the pathological hurl themselves heedlessly into each other where neuroses overwhelms the subject or where success is only temporary, even though they move further and further away from each other in different directions.

What we term "Obsessional neurosis", right from when its first sporadic signs appear is much less frequently viewed as being acute because the young body is as yet incomplete, or as we say, has not yet attained the full creature-state of human consciousness. It is as if being adult sets one a bit higher while the neurosis will have gone deeper. Though the hysteria is not extreme, the depth of the repression is such that the primordial is still not differentiated into the real and the illusional, hence the occurrence of hallucinations. This less profound repression contending with the respective reality space cannot avoid suffering the misery, the disaster of not being able to fully convince either one side or the other. The wish factor of the impulse remains despite its adjustment to the power and authority of external demands. But in remaining it

fails to allay any of the suspicion between the feeling of submission and a resistant wish impulse. This opposition does not go away but each moment has to balance out anew so as to ensure that which will afford the average obsessional subject the advantage of having a more normal nature. The danger, even within normality, is an oscillation, a pendulum swing between the tendency to overvalue oneself and the fear of being inferior, between active and passive—which is only too natural considering the realities threatening one's life. But at the same time it is something that for a subject in the best of health otherwise can be a stimulus that can also turn into a glorious tussle. It seems to me that one can practically respond to this by asking the question: to what extent can guilt feelings be excluded? The hysterical subject can be excused because of his blocking out of all memory of reality: but in a different, more robust, say, sort of man. But feelings draw from roots, and it is a simple fact that with one's consciousness raised one can see the real world and are thereby capable of putting one's wishful impulses in the wrong. So one tries to repress them and calm them down, managing only to stunt their growth and keep them secret, or one tries to rid oneself of them by holding to the rule of not thinking about them

—as a result of which one's own outraged and intensely opposed aggressiveness rebels and sets one completely at odds with the instinctive part of one's humanity. To avoid having to deal with all the difficulties and decisions one simply follows the course of compromise: "the one as well as the other"; even where no compromise is called for. All one need do is replace the reality-consciousness decision with an intermediate term which will ignore changes in reality awareness and be used repeatedly and constantly. "Already ill" or "still healthy" will suffice, despite the flowing sequence of transitions, to the point wherefrom obsessional neurosis took its name and where the characteristics of both periods of oscillation were worked on arbitrarily. As regards the activation of this mechanism, it strikes me as doubtful that the illness itself was already obsessional—the exact opposite of the considered, rational, objective observations that preceded the final decision, hence the increasing falling away from the obsessional idea. On a smaller scale we're all familiar with a form of superstition among children who puzzle over which paving stones to walk on and opt for going left or right, or by numbers, and so on; the superstition of invoking supernatural help from above continues into adulthood. Such imaginings are of major significance in

the illness in question, for the simple reason that subjects themselves doubt that neither reality nor strength of purpose—be they with reference inwardly or outwardly—can be of assistance, both being beyond what is humanly possible. Of course there is only one way to rid oneself of doubt and that is by means of a soulless, sensorially empty or overful obsession, for which one is, as it were, unprepared and inexperienced: hence the fixed ceremonial procedures that have to be observed down to the very last detail, hence also the lines that cannot possibly be crossed because to do so would bring about a catastrophic annihilation, not only of the wrongdoer and all that is sacred to him/her, but of the whole world. It's not merely forbidden things that are in play here, the obsession takes the form of a whole faith.

Already, in your Totem and Taboo you have discussed in some detail and much to people's disapproval the correspondence that exists between religious ceremonial and the "magic" that is a feature in the behaviour and practices of primitive peoples. Relating to hysteria, one is sufficiently familiar with its exhaltations to admit to a resemblance in all kinds of ways to the religious state. In fact most of what one is

used to calling religion occupies the middle section of that huge space, huge in both width and depth, between illness and human normality; and it is only here, on its own ground, where it can be properly examined because it is only here where our original normality is revealed. Following a religious course this normality can turn into an illness, yet, on the other hand, human normality can be preserved and, in principle, stay healthy. With religion come disappointments—that is to say, fruitless yearnings for the fulfilment of impulses in us. Given the right circumstances and without risk of personal tensions that could lead to a neurosis, people can simply hold fast to what they long to be valid and true, provided that what appears to be the truth has been sufficiently tested not only by probing the depths but by going back in time to when the perceived distinction between inner and outer could still be somewhat vague. It appears doubtful to me that very many derived any benefit as a result; as a matter of fact it was brought home to us in the further studies of *Totem and Taboo*. (G. Roheim et al.) that what we recognise as illness used to be accepted as a normal state of mind. Certainly these days it is not a rare thing for those at risk of being isolated from their fellow-worshippers offered up their illness to their faith, thus creating

and embellishing a new world for themselves, without having to withdraw into a corner in order to avoid a brutal collapse of their reality: instead they find themselves, so to speak, accommodated in a protected nature park where even animal predators cannot help but give the impression of being friendly, despite the fact that here and there this protected domain is bordered by an eerie wilderness. One might go so far as to provide more information concerning religious belief if only the other side of the coin weren't more alarming. And it is precisely because this tinting with a rosy hue the horrors of the situation will inevitably bring about further distress—what goes around comes around, as they say, and even if this method were vouched for universally, at no point does reality play a part. Better the colour be bleached out so that life could be seen and felt to be worth living. Each time the material life is blackened something devilish is born and every heavenly light is made to cast hellish shadows. If it were not so, the divinity would be unable to cut itself off so convincingly it would mean having a god without a shadow, like Schlemihl: it would go against the very tenets of the faith. There is a close correlation between the satanic and the divine: the divine is enriched by people who of their own accord embrace

poverty, and it is divine charity that keeps things so; it is wrong to think it a natural law. One can have no reasonable expectation of bliss without this underlying tragedy, nor is one entitled to be resurrected without having at one's back the spectre of crucifixion.

However, the facts of the situation speak differently, depending on whether one views the physical and constitutional characteristics of an individual to tend more towards hysteria or towards obsessional neurosis.

Indeed, there is not a single thing that will lead to tragedy those individuals who perhaps have simply taken up religion because it was what one did at the time, or because they have been taught it and it suggested itself to them at the outset as being something that met their needs and their optimism, as well as having the pleasantest truths to put their faith in. Accordingly, they would very often settle themselves comfortably in an armchair for a rest.

Numerically these committed sitters constituted perhaps the largest congregation of worshippers in the whole wide world, because every time an emergency arises they become very conscious of their membership and with ease and gladness they step out and their own nature takes them to the heights of huge

sentiments, without anyone suspecting them of hysteria. The basis of their faith is more mundane, in that they inadvertently took unto themselves beliefs that were already cherished and to hand universally. It is as if they'd gone to a department store and had purchased (at a not too high a price) a comfy cushion or a crutch. These blythe, healthy-looking, red-cheeked dealers in platitudes are far, far, removed from that other kind of devotion that had likely predominated in and among the steadfastly sincere early members of the community. A divinity that does good and helps only emerges as the result of the ardour with which it is esteemed, adorned and glorified as when a simple icon, consisting of a plain piece of tin or brass is given a handsome coating of gold or set with jewels. The one who creates for their creator receives far, far more spiritual strength than can be got by all the offering up of prayers: thus the conflict within a person—the onrush of impulses and the ascetic ambition to master it—will close on itself and in the productive process, and it is by that circumstance alone that wholeness can be achieved. Strictly speaking, they're the only sort of people that can be regarded as belonging to a religion. The inner conflict—a sign of our human nature—between our animal need for security and our urge to go

on extending the boundaries of the conscious mind is coped with in such souls by performing an unconscious acts with gifts that are God-given. And that's not all. It comes with a jolt to learn that it is not the untarnished ones, those whose devotion is beyond question, who are the worthy ones, but the doubters themselves. In other words, the part of their faith that causes them to yield to unconscious prompting must be, to some small extent, artificial since creativity is always at a remove from the individual's consciousness, despite the fact that both the object and the form are consciously arrived at, as is any criticism of them; besides, it could mean, for instance, that a hint of some ghastly notion was being introduced into what is, if the truth be told, simply an artist's blessed joy in the work he has created. Can there really not be, within the range of all notions and concepts, a different way of representing God from that of depicting some kind of giant neighbour who is always close at hand in real or phantasmal form, or a gigantic visitant that can make it's way through all human states and conditions to one's very soul? Everything that one attributes to God exists here on earth: like the eucharistic bread from a bakery, wine for the chalice from the vineyard press, the Book of

Revelation, that scornful piece of devilry that makes one feel it would insult God to be exchanged for something else, provided the something else was not, mistakenly, earthborn and human. Other doubts that may arise in an assortment of religious individuals, including respectable middleclass folk agonising in their souls and made uneasy by the notion of salvation, are all doubts that are of little account beside the one great towering suspicion of having transposed God, of having offended him by making him earthly, of having alienated him instead of embracing him. This doubting is faith itself; faith is no more than the tenderness that encloses doubt: indeed, one has to become aware of the fact that there is no God that can be called on at any moment and expected to converse person to person; God was not something that was present always and everywhere. It wasn't like that. God was merely a term for a void, a gap in religious devotion where all that one could find were loss, deprivation, the need for the God who should be there. But in the last instance, God could only be God when no one "required" him because "requiring" meant pointing one's finger and urging something to visibly take terrestrial form.

So it was that religion came to function as alleviator and consoler when matters became very serious. Needs increased with every offering made to God who in extreme cases could make one forget them. And for the pious ones God was already preparing for the Revelation, busily sewing his own cloak of invisibility, pausing for a while out of view so that nothing could betray his presence. He was simply being. What may be taking place there was the most profound experience of standing safe and sound at the rim and peering down into the abyss, down into the primal depths of the human soul: having faith is close to having doubt, having anything is close to parting with it; and it is because of this that unconscious delusions prevail. One could never play down the delusion by exposing it to the clear light of reason in the conceptual sense. What is going on here is very much the result of what is least banal in us humans, in that after an involuntary glance we hold our tongues and bear with the assertion of one of the Church Fathers of old: "No one against God except God himself".

VI

The problem of the "pious" individual has been with me as far back as I can remember; on the other hand, it signifies something that needs to be approached cautiously and viewed from a scientific angle—"in full accord (as you wrote me recently) with the past". All the same, I sometimes think of questioning your reservations: is the convergence of our views going to be for the most part confined to Religion of the Common Man which your The Future of an Illusion made such short work of, as far as it was possible to do so? Voices were raised in our own camp warning us not to go too far, that is to say, not to group sketchy wish projections with the ones directed at the divine: "spiritualisations"—ah, no—; even scientific ones whose religious content is viewed in the light of ethics and philosophy. But you well know that hardly any-thing offends me more than the idea of divesting a loving god of his customary house garb and putting him in elegant salon clothes in order to present him to all the prominent people. A stupid idea, because it's not by fixing one's eyes on bright images that one gets to be pious, rather it comes about each and every time as a

result of the power of utterly infantile requests, because the crudest fetish ranks alongside totally esoteric religious evolvements (or entangle-ments) which by means of continual adjustments and adaptations to concepts hopelessly confuse God with ourselves.

It is regrettable that the most liberal lines of theological thinking—and lately of modern philosophy—have come to a standstill at this very point. So with the Good Lord in danger of disappearing and with no more clear, reliable guidance to hand—in so far as being competent to deal with neither a naive (as opposed to material) angle or with any rough revision of what waits beyond—so that the pious person will wander here and there in search of anything of gen-uine substance among the God-denying illusionists and those who refuse to believe in anything that surpasses human understanding. Eventually the pious person cannot help but take up a part-way position; in other words to do the reverse of what you proposed, which was to let go the illusion and look to the future. Your idea that God was mere illusion was rejected because though there may not be a God at the present time, there would be a God in the future. This idea of a God-to-come who will

take shape only gradually and will expect human reason to be exactly what it was when it was first received from Him, is very much early Hegel brought up to date: He must needs be actual one day because He is every bit as rational as mankind imagines itself to have become. Imagination, all those presuppositions that make such a difference in every faith by mirroring back to the human race a hugely flattering image of itself in the mental processes of the typical believer, and which reside in the unconscious as deep as they can possibly reach (unavoidable when anthropomorphosing), can be caused to rise into the pleasant light of conscious-ness and set before the believer as an equally pleasant portrait of themselves. At the same time inherent pious tendencies come volte face: instead of acquainting oneself with the enveloping tranquillity, we, large and small alike, whether our "I" when we're fully aware is firmly established or undermined, rush to be completely self-sufficient—yet God has need of our glories in order to exist, consequently they can exist even without God. The constant emphasis on how heroic and sublime our lives have to be for God to come to us, makes it all the clearer how steadily we, by effecting this compromise between believing and thinking, distance ourselves from the source of all piety: after

searching deep into ourselves it is with a more forceful intent—though we may not be aware of it—that we raise our eyes and gaze at ourselves and betray our innermost impelling power—as Nietzsche betrayed his in his famous cry: "*If there were a God, how could I bear the thought of not being a god?*"

However, what I've indicated so far is but an echo of that cry. What engrossed Nietzsche's thoughts was his recognition of yet greater depths of the human psyche: the ordeal of his lifelong search for a God substitute. The truths that Nietzsche exposed: that the man, who yesterday or today, has consciously discarded conceptual terminology, will begin, only too slowly, to perceive what he has done by "killing God"; and that he can scarcely yet sense the stink of the corpse nor grasp the import of what he has done. Predictably Nietzsche drew the direst psychic consequences from this, rejecting and branding any such individual as father-fixated and parricidal as well as having all human weaknesses (he accepted his own weaknesses as if they were the weaknesses of humanity itself). These truths were used effectively in the summaries of his philosophy and they were brought to a single point at which a psychological aphorism is changed into a

doctrine: to wit, the Second Coming of Reason. To what end? To outdo the ponderousness of man's fate (his fate) by adding to it in the sole manner possible: by asserting that throughout all eternity this oppression is never overcome, but constantly recurs. Nietzsche was the one who decreed, so to speak, that this truth would carry his seal "in wax" for thousands of years—so should not he who could bear the weight of such thoughts and affirm them be looked upon as a superman? Now we have the need suddenly arising for one to make the desperately grave decision in a dizzyingly high-spirited frame of mind that one could be a match for a God—hence one is God. The same status that the tried and tested Lord achieved is to be awarded to the depraved, shattered individual whose voice is hoarse from begging for help. Equally, in his disparagement of Christianity Nietzsche is as voluble in his horror of the helpless beggar as he is in his admiration and envy of the "blond beast" who is able to get along without relying on God nor on the outrageous amount of effort required in the search for Him. It is a God quest which has to preach a nothingness in order to outshout a nothingness. One cannot even churn a God out; and for that reason any ambition to propagandise a God is doomed.

But here is the miracle: what is great in the people he scorns is the magnitude of the sincerity which emerges from the genius-like innermost self of humans in order to bear witness; it is the sum of the mysteries of unconscious experience—the very things that are spoken of, dreamt of, and felt by simple people since time immemorial; as soon, that is, as they turn to their God. The naivety: the directness with which they offered God their wishes and delusions is conveyed with an eloquence that one would hardly expect to encounter even in a dream. The same forms of approach emanating from the depths of such people, would, years later, among educated, articulate people with a higher level of consciousness, become deeply lodged somewhere between what pertains to genius and what is infantile, even if their worst contradictions appear to have become, as regards the "testing of reality", more moderate and level, while of the rest very few remain. Thus we were quite right to conduct our psychoanalytical research the way one scoops up water from a running spring. We collected religious experiences and descriptive accounts from the lives of elderly folk as well as from our contemporaries (—here I must give pride of place to Th. Reik's The Personal

God and the Unfamiliar God and to his studies of blasphemies); we are still a long way from bringing our work to a successful conclusion. "*Dialogue with the Godhead*" as one would like to call it, unfurls its content in so singular fashion we could be turning the pages of a picture book which from the first to the last illustrates with complete frankness a whole range of human desires to the point where we as observers recognise, shuddering in our recall of what at one time in our infancy was expressed in our soul with the same innocence, the same self-betrayal: stark and simple like objects in children's drawings, the forms of our inner desires are brought to light, the smallest are exaggerated, the big ones are made small, all done without regard for perspective and piled one on top of the other in order to be close to the Father's heart and to the Father's inclined ear; words spoken are unhindered by shame and are protected from all moral scruples. Talking to God in this way shows the God projection more clearly as being a naive, spontaneous reflex by the child-to-be-man whose confidence in God's saving grace is based on a natural confidence which derives from all those things that work towards affirming faith in one's existence. Disappointed and proved wrong a hundred times when things didn't go

the way one expected every child-to-be-man inhabits a place which we, who all too consciously put the world and the "I" in opposition, would find disconcerting. Were one to ask where such a place is to be found which could be the analogy for humankind's primal confidence, we can say that it lies in the very fact that we follow nature in being born of a mother and we welcome the world wholeheartedly as belonging to it in company with all those who also identify themselves with it, thus making a bridge of love that can span any distance between people.

Indeed, the picture we have of God is overwhelmingly one of that kind of love. And it is for the same reason that our beloved parents are, in our eyes, tremendous sources of power and goodness and will always be with us as we go our way in the world; and it is also why, as forerunners of God who will take their place, they deserve our adoration. Adoration is nothing other than a screen-memory emerging from the mists of the past, into which all our earliest impressions fade, as we learnt bit by bit how to establish an ever widening gap between the world and the "I". It is the reason why it has always been that persons dear to us are allotted only part of our love, and even during periods of

reckless intoxication of the senses it has been kept safe and unobserved deep in the soul. For just as our birth makes us the physical beings we are, so it is that our existence originates and continues in the flesh, and it is within this state that we attain intimacy with someone we love, holding to what is most human in us right to the last cosmic embrace. It is significant how as well each and every representation of God balks being considered wholly in the abstract as that would cause disengagement from the erotic and it is only by means of the erotic that the physicality of its origin is palpable. It is not by chance that the first to allude to the underlying connection between religion and sexuality are those who are the most pious. In spite of enormous distaste at there being such a relationship and the perpetual contrasting of the two, sensuality contains no element to pollute the religious, nor any primitive perception, rather it brings to a deep focus united strands of prayer and intimacy which are and forever will be dependent on eachother. This is distinctly all of a piece with exaltations whose strength of feeling can smash a way through our conscious reasonableness, nowhere else can exaltations be released but on the other side of the boundary, in the physical. It is only when our affectivity fails to rise

above its average level that it falls into line with the system in which the impressions of the spirit and the strong disturbances of the psyche are properly differentiated. Meanwhile the body gathers to itself all the emotions remaining and distributes them gladly among the double existences in its keep; these we know familiarly as sexuality, an area where physical emotion and psycical emotion meet. And it is just then when we imagine ourselves "body free" that in our out-of-body composure a guileless and trusting physicality welcomes us, joins both of us into a bloodwarm unity and opens up within itself a whole great space for us. This is why whatever gives the impression of being in any way spiritual will not be found to lack sexuality, quite the opposite: sexuality wells up from sources deeper than the narrow rivulets suggested to our conscious minds. The words "above" and "below" lose their meaning, as do "high" and "deep", the one in each pair denoting comparison with the other; whether we rise or fall, whether we worship or hasten after voluptuousness, the experience we have fully entered into is open to doubt only to the spectator who can make conscious judgements solely from without, not from within where everything moves in a circle.

Actually we never depart from what connects within us, one thing with the other, and what is more we "know" it, as opposed to being conscious of it. This innocent state of trust and freeplaying identities which is characteristic of the newly born, of the child, of the start of that long moment in humans, aptly described by Novalis: the first man was the first visionary—in other words a being who bravely dismissed all notion of isolating himself from external reality and to limit himself as well to knowledge gained with that outlook. It is not until consciousness has become sharper that division occurs: identification retreats behind the stopgap of the symbolic image ("symbolic" according here with our psychoanalytical usage of the term for: representing the presence of a repressed memory by substituting one akin to it whose significance will seek to show through it). This indirect approach (analogous on pathological grounds to the approach adopted for those who are repressed and those who are ill, for whom "symptom" replaces "symbol") remains for people the standardising of the conscious and the unconscious actions of life with what went before; one will still find a narrow neutral zone where the two experiences encounter each other, though they will continue to regard each other in a strange or hostile manner. At

this point I would like to mention Ferenczi who (as always) makes a most penetrating observation; he says that the joy we get devising symbols lies in: "*not only sparing ourselves intellectual effort by sidestepping it;*" (as, for example, by the advantageous inclusion of wit in your technique) "*however, it probably masks the special pleasure of finding one's way again . . . The tendency to recapture something from the external world that we cherish is in all probability also the source of our devising symbols.*" It is quite some time since we abandoned the idea that (as M.Pelletier told Jung): "*the symbol is no more than a very inferior way of thinking*"—by his own reckoning, that is, which the Swede I.L. best summed up in his proposition "*A is not non A*", whose logic is invalidated, though only in so far as the many similarities between the many different A's would give the lie to it, were one to take the principle at all seriously.

So long as the symbol adheres strictly to the identifications ascribed to it, as it were, then one would be all the more hard pressed to bring in religion which remains far too caught up with its forerunner, magic, whose rites and customs turned into a reality what people took obviously and silently for granted; what it

came down to was a collective opposition to an unfriendly world with all its dreaded possibilities and foes. Religious rite and religious custom both together were *de facto* the means where unity was maintained—no theory here, no doctrine. Let me quote a beautiful passage by S. Reinach: "*Rites tend to deify man. (...)*
Thanks to magic man takes the offensive against things, or rather he becomes the conductor of the great concert of spirits buzzing at his ears". Where is the actual starting place of religion to be found? It is taken to be when the magic man-god association was given specific features, objectifying them as the face of a god. And this is the very same time that marks the beginning of all that is questionable regarding religion's evolution. What happened basically? Having gradually achieved a clearer understanding and a wider experience of the world, man is able to give form to its gods by inclusion of real impressions, modelling their exterior by likening them to what is wished for and longed for externally. This instinctive behaviour on the part of someone in what we might call a primitive state, a state not completely separated from the external—but able now to live with a greater sense of security—has need of a belief system to help him see things, not simply as spontaneous mirrored images but with greater

perspective, one affording consistent and indelible impressions. How could it be otherwise? Increasing awareness of the world, so extremely important and inevitable, calls for adaptations: new forms, new colours as well need to be used for a superior awareness of the world that is in practice opposed to "mere magic" in that it offers guarantees that are wholly devoid of it—being able to do so because it no longer involved the effect of symbols, and even less the necessity of maintaining a close identity with the world, but, on the contrary, was concerned with divine agents who dealt with reality and truth.

However, what has been disastrous here is perhaps not, by any means, the most disconcerting feature of this inexorable process. For, as it were, show themselves ever more clearly as being able to fulfil high expectations, so they can be used to ward off fears of disaster, of death, of annihilation. Add to this a newborn child's yearning to be held in its mother's lap and its growing craving for life, its confidence that, despite everything, its world will not be taken away, it normally follows then that such mutually supportive desires foster the belief that in every individual that the river of life that springs from the mother flows for

ever. If, however, as in religions where desire-created gods assume bodily form fear is a part of the whole and out of the dark mystery of the mother rises the horror of extinction—desire here not meaning colourless, drained, invisible, on the contrary, a darkness whose sole purpose is to oppose everything bright and coloured. There are two different kinds of divinities standing in opposition to each other. On the one hand there are those we address our desires to; on the other hand are those to whom we pour out our anxieties. In the case of the former divinities none of their lavish promises are kept; in the latter case the divinities are unsympathetic and threaten everything within their reach with annihilation. If we always have to go right back to see in the primitive history of religions the most frightening, dark, cruel, hideous divinities it is only because they have been dethroned and disparaged and abased by their successors. And there's far more to it: the main thing being the progressive turning towards a clear view of existence together with a more wide ranging consciousness which characterises only the later gods. However, owing to the fact that both types can more or less be brought together within one gigantic concept it can translate in real human terms into feuding, one side with the other

as if they had both started out identically in the womb and instead of being part of humanity and confronting the world without and within with a helplessness that remains total.

This can well be the furthest point at which forms of religion and their pathological equivalents are able to meet. Man, finding himself situated between the confines of the conscious and the wide expanse of the unconscious, reduces the latter in his mind to a narrow gateway to death and at the same time mistakenly doubles the limits of the boundaries in order to encompass more divine objects. The changeover confuses positions, and man, whichever way he turns, and whatever choice he makes, being man, finds himself misled. For there is no way out for him except by the way religions lead bit by bit: longing for redemption in accordance with doctrine. Religions founded by a particular individual pin their hopes on their founder who, magically, they believe, will liberate them from things they can no longer deal with by material means. The redeemer is the magician of old whom man has had inside him from the beginning or will have in the end. This contradictory, inwardly-warring man of despair is the only one able to take hold of him and deliver him as

in ancient times, preserving the human link with the bosom of Abraham. The burden that is lifted from the shoulders of the redeemed is a helplessness that in the final analysis can only be sensed as an indebtedness, a shortcoming—the guilt of being human, of being curious about the human condition, of despairing of what has bound him in the past and will continue to do so. The desire for redemption contains a rebellious element which reaches the deep-seated areas of conflict pertaining to human nature, which the development of one's understanding will not entirely suppress; often, when this appears to be lacking, all one has is "surface", literally; in reality deep down its place has been taken by inroads of life's anxieties, by idols instead of a developed God, by everything (such as excessive devotion or eroticism) that deceptively and helpfully deviates from other passionate spheres. One notes there a smiling ignorance in regard to real human need of redemption, as if such need were superficial, just one of those times that people come up against, when reason and not superstition is the remedy, but it can often be a case of mistaken behaviour, no different from the protective behaviour of the religious kind. Anyone who can actually get by with such a superficial outlook and without any awareness of the profundities

of our existence comes very close to being what Schopenhauer dubbed: "profane optimism".

Besides, we're still left with the problem of the unease we feel concerning the phenomenon of religion in so far as it hinders, contrary to its own desires, the ways we have of coping with existence. For the difference between "knowing" and "believing" is not as great as the difference between yearning after what is real and yearning after delusions, because by managing to envision something and reifying it keeps us overwhelmed by a primal view of life. Only personal experience enables us to reach down to those levels where life and death touch each other, where they become in form and substance irrelevant. Now and again in therapeutic analyses one receives the impression during recovery of a letting-go of acquired perceptions, or even of a conscious formation of new ones. Should that happen it becomes embarrassingly clear—as a direct result of subjects' own revered beliefs that they have simply been dragged in and imposed by the subjects on their own pathology. We have there an exceptional need acting as a formal compulsion to bring about a credited wish fulfilment—and there is no greater exceptional need than a

neurotic one—yet this is how resistance to recovery comes to be set up: neuroses need the very reverse; they actually need despair in order to test their fantasising. Dismissing them does not really signify anything negative, but rather the attainment of a calmness and of a greater preparedness to face existence without artificially separating its wants and its splendours because we ourselves reflect partly one, partly the other.

And it is that fact that takes care of the question of how we reconcile the religious differences between the analysand and the analyst: in fact we don't. The more honestly and frankly the two are in their combined pursuit of a recovery the more certain they can be of being on the same ground, and consequently the question does not arise. In their respective journeys through life, in hard times as well as arid ones, no matter how far apart they have been, both analysand and analyst now quench their thirst at the same spring —like animals of the same oasis when day is beginning or when night is falling.

VII

When, in the course of religious events there appear images of a naively poetical nature it is because religion and the artistic expression of it go back together to a particular age with all human activities unspecified, simply rolled into one; art as well was bound up with magic and religion and was believed to possess the power to conjure up real things. Art in an altogether different sense came into being as creations to be substitutes for our resignation relative to such magical powers in refraining from influencing the surrounding realities—as a second reality alongside the first. We allow all art to furnish us with impressions that we are unable to receive from any exterior reality, and which nevertheless imparts to us something that appears to be objective in origin and not merely a subjective interpretation. And it is precisely for this reason that the "aesthetic" ranks so high in the metaphysics branch of philosophy; there has to be some way that art can use to restore the meaning to the supersensible. If I were to now say that this secret intention throughout

the whole of metaphysics is not only fulfilled to some extent but—even if put the other way round—is satisfied by psychoanalysis (please do not be suspicious, as if I wanted to saddle psychoanalysis with something totally unwelcome. I confess: it's marvellous to be landed so, because it comes from your own demonstrations the ones you made some ten years ago, now in your *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, which, working up from the underside, so to speak, you rendered the topside of metaphysics surplus. What had struck you when you were working on the interpretation of dreams was that though sleep conferred a thought-free liberty on the sleeper, the sleeper's dream are waiting to be fulfilled (provided that no reminder from consciousness have turned them into nightmares) and that there are also dreams that extend into the primordial, into a kind of prehistory of dreams apparently oblivious of "us", of what is pleasing, what is displeasing, where what is taking place within us is quite simply mirrored and gone over repeatedly of its own accord. This level in the mind, deeper than the one our "I" occupies,—this constantly available level, which we note only occasionally (as is the case with our dreams of pleasure and displeasure that continue in our unconscious when we are no longer awake)—seems to indicate to us the

region in people of what we are accustomed to call the creative. For our practical-logical existence to have consciously evolved there must still be in place a personal route back to a more primitive, more creaturely state of being; we can think of the creative artist as being the keeper, the custodian of man's earliest impressions that have not been submerged by evolution which is still a restrictive force (in everything else) while still serving, so to speak, as a repetitive one. What is referred to as "artistic talent" or being creative in some way would apply to an art that has been turned inside out to form a second, newly established kind of reality. And provided one is fully at ease with work of this depth, one will be moved and affected by it.

There are those who have doubts about psychoanalysis but as ever are a wee bit satisfied (mistakenly) on one point which was when you admitted there was something beyond the principles of pleasure and displeasure even though you laid more emphasis on the lower ones than on the higher ones; however, it is interesting, for instance, that "high pleasure" was for us exactly that. Every time it meant personal and therefore extendable beyond our "self-reckonable"

medium level—and often something whereby "luck and grief" intermeshed often with an "out of body", which felt like coming home to oneself. Along with masochistic self-abandonment or other such pathological behaviour that shows regression to a characterless infant stage, it is founded simply on the fact that we have risen from a wider darkness than we know consciously, and when this primordial passivity transforms itself into more intensified action, we speak of creative ability. There's a portion of the uncon-scious in the midst of the conscious; it sets before us realities, grabs hold of them greedily as means of expression for this new, different kind of reality, and continues its existence buoyed up by the passion it now recognises. What forces its way up through the artist's unconscious is what we call "form". This "form" is nothing other than the content of the unconscious self which is otherwise (except reversely, in a pathological context) inaccessible to us; form is nothing without it: it is vulnerable to the slightest intrusion, the tiniest alteration, hence the "availability" of the content ceases with it. It seizes everything real that the world sets before us visibly or conceptually and forces it—for those with kindred feelings—to express something

different from itself, from this visible and logically interpretable world.

It seems to me that psychoanalysis doesn't quite recognise what has been hinted at above, and I find that the three points on the concept of art have put me in a heretical mood. Firstly, concerning the overestimation of the daydream—which, of course, in the hands of an artist can be presented in a particularly plastic way, but nevertheless advances least in solving the art problem, for the simple reason that what it excels at is talking about itself. In point of fact with the artist form and content are two different things: what he dreams to make real the fulfilment of his various desires, and only because this fulfilment fails to take place or is delayed do his works become, as a stopgap, something that arises in his imagination. This distinguishes what it is as a work of art not simply by its quality but also by its intrinsic nature: after all, when something similar has been carried through one can discern an artistic dead end or blind spot (a point of entry, important if a work is to be analysed, for the simple reason that it's where the sources of the artist's impulses may reveal themselves). All sensibilities course through works of art, and yet, if a

single drop seeps away from its enclosure, it will suffer: it will be like a whole organism losing a limb. And for the work of art to succeed not only has the material that brought it about to sink into oblivion, it has to have been completely exhausted: indeed, exactly as if it had been buried, allowed to rot and to have been transformed into something else, something vegetable; so very different is this patch of earth we see with a new love, nonetheless maternal, in the work of art, down to its tiniest detail.

In connection with the above my second point is that it is not clear to me how the creativity of human beings in general comes from repressions: even though they may have ever so often, perhaps always, had cause to express yearning and non-satisfaction. However, there still remained the fact that there was no intention to fulfill any desire in the real—rather one could say that creation came about by fulfilments from the power that is not in any way personal but is involuntary and irrefutable and that reveals itself in a way that is the exact opposite of the pathology of infantile regression and the regressions that are chased back behind a barrier. It helps the meaning of an original life experience to be exploited at a higher level of

consciousness; it, so to speak, combines what is on top and what is underneath to travel along a new path with no particular destination in mind at all. Surely this, then, is also the reason why it seemed formerly to artists of note whose work met with refusals and bans—as well as to those who were receptive to works of art and enjoyed them—that what should have been an event to be celebrated was turned into a distressing purgatory. You described it yourself: "*This is a situation where the unconscious legitimately assumes the role of the I without any change to its own repression. The success of the unconscious in this co-operation is unmistakable; the increased efforts behave quite differently than normal; in this context they make total success possible.*" It even settles the thorny old question as to whether it was proper and thus all the more permissible for an artist to use in his work everything that people viewed as being of a dubious nature: the claims being, that to allow this to happen it would interfere with work devoted to other human goals, and, on top of everything, all too often this change of direction was somewhat tragic in that it led to the artist becoming, you might say "possessed with perfection" as well as doubling his suffering and his

sensitivity in respect to the imperfections in life and in himself.

And this is where my third heresy comes in. It's about overestimating the value of the social element in artistic creation. Obviously there is a place for it—for instance, in respect of the pre-supposed beginnings of magic and religion which continue to be associated with each other. But, being already established and functioning, social activities serve no artistic purpose and it makes no sense to range them alongside works of art that are not motivated by desire for glory, lust for gain, and the like. A creator is someone who is motivated solely by the impulse and jubilation he receives from his work; and were he ever, by the way, to be especially taken with his fellow human beings—be it "ethically" or "erotically"—neither of them would have any effect on the direction of his work but would simply be the means by which to negotiate between imaginative work and external reality. It is important to say something in respect to the erotic—although it is the thing most likely to be eagerly conceded to the artist by the public. But there it is being thought of as a libidinous object, whereas the streams that run close to the artist as he is working rise far, far back; and

clearly to trace them one would need to immediately dig around in one's early sexual phases. According to our psychoanalytical concept we will always find that to be the case with so-called "talented people" who express themselves by way of the erotic: skin-, oral-, anal—and even sadomictically; and we accept that it is already deviating from its goal of sexual maturity, at least in part, in order to replenish its spirit prior to "sublimating". (*"Sublimation finds a way across the I"*, Freud.) As far as we are able to tell, it hangs on to its base in the most ancient of its origins that did not distinguish between subject and object, thus causing the artist to forever appear simply as someone of a very narcissistic bent. Whereas all that the power of love can do is to build a bridge across the divide, fundamental eroticism, a forebear of love, is unhindered by distance, and serves in a special way as a permanent mechanism of identification—in addition to which its continuing development steers towards the libido of the object.

In this close relationship between early eroticism and a consciousness that is already directed at the "I", there is, for the creative individual, an alarmingly austere moment: the individual's eroticism in part avoids real-

ising its physical goal and further development. It is the work of art that is its physical realisation with which the artist, so to speak, pays for the doubtful rivalry with God occasioned by this creation of a reality. All this bounteous wealth that he reserves for himself—though it restricts his progress into consciousness—puts him in a position of relinquishing it, in the same way that a diver in his impermeable diving suit is able to gather up treasures from the sea-bed and bring them up to the surface, all the time linked by a breathing tube. Had the artist not managed to deny himself normality to such a great extent his creative powers would have dwindled and left him in a state of infant eroticism. Between this sequence of physical events and the liberation from within, there stretches the whole field of pathology, all ready and waiting, like a spiderweb eyeing an exhausted fly. It brings to mind Ferenczi's explanation of, so to speak, "magical" expressions going by what he heard uttered by individuals in a state of hysteria, who know how to create symbols out of materials available in the body as a result of the repressive blocking of consciousness which causes the driving force of our eroticism to become—within our bodily limits—productive: "*The normal separation of the organs of reality—of which*

the central organ of eroticism will be one—is done away with, whence the confusion that enables the hysteric to give multiple performances..." This brings to light the tiny part of the organic base where the symbolism regarding the physical is constructed. The phenomena of materialisation also throw light on the psychological correlate of artistic creation. The unsteady dividing line between pursuing artistic creation and wandering off into physical experiences receives noteworthy attention in R.M.Rilke's short episode, "1913" in his Duino poems (originally published in Insel's 1919 Almanac under the title "Event") in which he describes leaning back against the forking branches of a shoulder high bush and feeling the bushes' own being passing through him. Here "feeling" keeps its literal meaning, that of a physical experience, and doesn't trail off into some sort of poetic somnolism, nor allow itself to be taken for an impersonal piece of workmanship. This preoccupied the poet during a stay in Spain long after he'd first written the lines. Much later on he revealed that he still pondered over them. This points up the relationship between being the author and being oneself. It so happens that in the lines penned one might find elation and rapture, qualities that can lead one to the mistaken belief that

they denote mysticism or romanticism, thus leaving one shackled to one's need of illusions. And it's that which provides despisers of art with their most cherished objection. They suspect an artist to be someone who bluffs his way across the cold, lifeless chaos that we strive in our logical-practical way to put in order instead of succumbing to convenient delusions. Yet this objection misses its mark in terms of the success of the artist's work: the artist gets his sensations from impressions that derive from ancient times when for him world and people together constituted reality and it is this that once more becomes a reality in his work.

There is a further objection, and it is more important. It is based on the fact that by this method of creation there is a dividing line that does not bring to a halt semi-physical, intermediary states that originated in infancy, but, on the contrary, drives them in the opposite direction: across the limits of human assumptions and attitudes to a life that the work of art does not reflect. In normal life we are dependent on and subject to the prevailing impressions of the real, but at the same time we have control of them as a result of our own selves being comparatively unsplittable in respect of forces that range from

onrushes of the unconscious to the lucid imperatives of the conscious. In artistic creation this state of affairs almost turns about face because the reality of the work of art, for its own benefit, requires the real to serve it spontaneously and without consideration for anything else, simply as the means of expression—on the other hand, however, it also requires its imperious artist to become the creation of his own unconscious, and to passively comply with its promptings. Art on its own, by virtue of its specialisation, appears to have a certain justification, going back to time immemorial, in standing apart from humanity—yet this is by no means the threat that it might appear to be, because it is not something we accept as being of any particular importance. It bears very close resemblance to the disaster that befell Eros: the naturalness that had characterised it universally and from the very beginning (but was now forbidden for religious reasons) abruptly gave way to peaks of romantic intensity, which are all very nice but which jeopardise lifelong unities in that they dislodged Eros from its central position in life only to marginalise it and make it cater simply to bodily needs.

The sacrifice of creative energies in creating a pure work of art—one might say in distilling it to rid it of contaminants—can be extensive enough to cause the artist to see himself as having been robbed of his tiny patch of earth from which he has been able to venture only so far. Earlier I cited Rainer Maria Rilke's reference to an event for which art makes no provision. Allow me to offer it now as a genuine warning of the danger of going too far. For, despite the fact that the item is characterised by so many special features, it is nevertheless a modification of human destiny in art and points to an eventual tragedy. This was disclosed to Rainer Maria Rilke at a point between two realities where the angel dictated the *Elegies* to him. Art's foundations appeared to reach down too deeply for the deepest of ardent desires of both realities to find there what they shared with each other. The existence of the Angel's realm, more so than the perfect beauty of its form, becomes incorporated into one's own existentiality, into the divine, though without guarantee of the same acknowledgement; and it is, and cannot help being—even though it is accessible by way of religion—a divine being that is unable to return love: for it is only when a man strips himself of all his possessions and his rights and stands before the divinity like the prodigal

son, that the Angel will confirm his own reality as being no mere man-created sham.

The Angel devalues man to the extent that it strips him even of his reality. This devaluing not only deprives man of all but his deepest roots from which rises a pleasing, yeasty smell, the smell of the wine of life itself, and to draw it in, as it were to satisfy the angel's least claim to reality, thereby denying the reality of the whole of mankind, whose instincts had been nurtured in a warmer place which, for its part had every appearance of having been emptied, forced to mimic after a fashion a restrained, spiritual manner towards the angel —of whom the poet complained at the top of his voice as being a "spiritual monkey" that sat on his shoulders and would be removed only by the laws of physics which forces everything to the ground. All its devotion is offered to the reality-usurping angel, who, conceived and fathered, in that order, in the mother's body in the centre of love, which is where it stays, all tangled up, and where the angel becomes a love partner.

One simply cannot help lowering one's voice when speaking of the background factors that led to the painful emergence of the *Elegies* that took ten years

as if they were struggling with a counter force that in itself was perverted and saw what was coming as an appalling blood sacrifice: "*for every angel is terrible*". It was a success, the form declared to the Highest in the High, and held firm, the human fell to pieces. A work of art is to be found in perfect peace and tranquillity with only a thin transparent veil hanging over it so as to conceal its ultimate strivings to exist, and the not innocuous term we apply to it in such a friendly and interested manner: "*aesthetic*".

It is for that reason that Rainer Maria Rilke composed this definition of beauty in which he—with scarcely any hope left—looked hesitantly ahead and attempted to intercede for everyone:

*"For beauty is nothing
but the beginning of a terror
which we can only just bear
and we marvel at it so
because it serenely despairs to destroy us."*

VIII

Everything that is "beautiful" is to us "unique" as if it possessed the "omnipotence of thought", whereby we are awakened to life , with the confidence from our primal existence still unbroken. And it is this beauty that is forever to be found, not in its separate facet and materials, but in its entirety, in a work of art. It goes to the heart of things and we can identify it, though we can never own it in any real sense. It's like standing by an open door at Christmas and glancing into a room where there's a tree all decked out with bright lights and beneath it are presents; and you are not able to take hold of them and use them for what they are intended; and all the while the radiance of peace shines over them reflecting a complete image of eternity, duly attained, unique and unsurpassably sublime.

If we consider the other way we have of rising above the imperfections and disappointments of both our outer world and our inner world: we take exception in

every respect to making comparisons and rankings and to whatever might be instrumental in leaving us inevitably unsatisfied. Instead we stand by what is real and concrete: the world of value. And of course this stems from the original situation when we turned out to be conscious beings, separate individuals, cut off, as it were, from the umbilical link to a mother of all-being, striving in our need to be re-united. The time we were babes in arms provided ample illustration of what our lifelong situation would turn out to be—yes, even throughout all our latest formation of ideals—and not least throughout our vast individual superiority with which from our early days appeared to us guaranteed by virtue of our not standing aloof from life's fundamentals. You have already stated in your *On Narcissism: an Introduction* (1913): "Here man has shown himself incapable, as he does wherever the libido is involved, of relinquishing satisfaction once he has gained it. It is the image of the ideal that now validates the self-love which he enjoyed in childhood in the form of the real *I*." An individual in the first stage of narcissism, at ease amid his plenteous and sustaining endowment, is, in a way, performing a stretching movement that has attainment in view, having become abnormally unquestioning and abstaining. For my own

benefit I made a very simple diagram. I first drew a horizontal line and then a vertical one, both lines measuring exactly the same. While the horizontal one gave the impression of continuing into infinity, the vertical one struck me as being somewhat uneasy at the prospect of climbing higher and higher, always aware—at least partially—of leaving one point and arriving at the next.

I would very much like to highlight something that I feel is always quite wrongly omitted. It seems to me that what accords well with what I've mentioned above is the beginnings of human happiness, indeed of human jubilation which has virtually been excluded by our need to make progress. One not only "should", one actually "wants" to improve oneself by practising, on the one hand self restraint, and, on the other hand, simply letting oneself go. This establishes a natural and healthy connection between the obligation to enrich oneself and the obligation to celebrate and not to work until you're worn out. Regarding myself, I have a strong memory going back to childhood of how the very first thing demanded was that things should be done perfectly—helping with the preparations for some semiformal occasion and at the same time being tense

dressing properly and getting suitably adorned and meeting all of these demands in an atmosphere of joy and expectation which dispelled almost all sense of obligation or at least kept it isolated. The fundamental connection between the horizontal and the vertical that I mentioned above certainly holds, as does our conscious being, as it continues to unfold, albeit only in appearance, over the original base of the unconscious, and it is as a result of this fact alone that that human life is endowed with new possibilities for its happiness. Along with this relaxation comes the desire to make room for fresh stimuli as soon as our being in a half-light is elevated into becoming increasingly conscious; we don't want the boat in which we travel through life to capsize nor to spill the wind from its sails. In point of fact a compromise is reached between one's desire to persist with one's own being and the desire to change it. There is a healthy compromise, a natural one, in this raising game for two between the conscious and subconscious mind (that in neuroses is, unfortunately, so displaced that its splendid economy is deprived of its reciprocal stimulation and of allowing everything to do with all of life's realities to pass by, only to replace it with wasteful destruction. The tug to "reproduce the earlier stage"—that is to say, "to continue to function

in a more or less subconscious fashion"—is a general reference to the strength of our original impulses which is expressed also in the desire for our development and our approval of what will be different and altered. The child subject to feelings of anxiety, to say nothing of the effects of the very act of coming into being, straightaway suffers that other anxiety: that of being annihilated. (J. Aph), and from both emerges the healthy individual who is, as it were, both root and striving stem, which accordingly establishes itself, becomes wood and puts out leaves and blossom. If, with good reason, you refuse to recognise the existence of a special force in individuals to search for perfection, it is because, from a moral point of view, the wording is corrupt: for its impetus is fundamentally none other than its desire to come to grips with the reality in which it had always existed.

But there is a particular reason why "moral wordplay" is able to slip so easily into this inner state of affairs: it is because we cannot help being so severe when we take stock of our own progress and set it against a scale. One can be certain that it will have begun earlier than was thought—far earlier than the days when parents and educators imposed responsibilities on us. Jones, in

his recent work, appears to me to have made some very acute observations: he finds that the helplessness of the quite young child and the inevitable disappointments are already sufficient to put him in the wrong as he faces his new existence. ("Non-satisfaction" initially indicates danger; this the child projects into the external world, as he is used to doing with all inner dangers, and then employs them to strengthen each moral accommodation of his feelings of danger and to fortify defences." (International Journal of Psychoanalysis. XIV, 1928). That monster, the stove, for instance, that the child creeps up to and that burns his finger, takes on an appearance that not only is odious and hateful, it is unquestionably one of authority. Consequently the child with the burn is driven to feeling inferior and answerable to it: this exemplar of power and perfection can deliver a mighty rebuff. You have commented on how this is imprinted on the mind and continues throughout all an individual's doings in the outside world. It figures notably, for instance, in the bonding of child to parent or their representatives. The stove-monster mellows (with luck) into being a friend—albeit a stern one; its features blur and express a friendliness, the same features that, as a result of childhood anxiety,

helplessness and hate turned out to be especially hideous, abominable, cruel; but gradually besides the power to authorise the infliction of punishment there is also the desire to take a step further towards restoring unity with the mother's breast or with the father's kingdom. While this "secondary" identification with the parents and educators turns into love there takes place in the child an automatic reaction of blaming or praising itself for things it has done or not done; the inner voice speaks: the famous conscience consolidates itself.

You have always distanced yourself and your understanding of this series of events from the utilitarians who tended to reproach you, and from English positivism, for example, which favoured the notion that the functioning of the conscience could be traced to physical sources which were gradually "forgotten" and later on were all the more easily sanctioned. (One only need recall what "to forget" denotes in psychoanalytical terms(!), and how utterly it dismisses chance, and how small minded it is to think it explainable simply by means of historical, anecdotal and physical evidence.) Your definition of the contents of the conscience as "the result of a series of

"antecedents" made it quite plain to everyone that its source was to be found in the territory of the *libido*, in the yearning and compulsion of human beings to identify themselves with the world facing them, because identity is founded in the depths and its base, as a consequence, is no shallower than is the *libido* itself. But not only that. Although, until about a decade ago, the object of your research had to extend temporarily to include *libido* problems, it wasn't long before your interest was caught by questions concerning the "ethical" and the "ideal" as such; I remember that among our evening discussions in 1912 and 1913 there was one in which you conceded to me that already in the "unconscious" (at the time it was still the exclusively designated term for the "reservoir of repression") and, indeed, even "in the depths of the somatic", one could indicate the after-effects of the formation of ideals. You have actually stated that the "unconscious" can also contain "*part of the emotional stirrings that dominate the 'I', so forming the strongest functional contrast to repression*" (Ferenczi also worked on proving the existence of conscious evaluations within the unconscious, and in doing so he felt—as he clearly stressed in his letter to me—that he was in agreement with you.) And the number of researches into this grew,

to the extent that it became the main problem, right until the 1922 Congress when you summarised it and represented it—in the form of a new programme—with the words: "*Not only are we more immoral, we are more moral than we know.*"

The reverberations that followed over the next few years a delightful misunderstanding. Old accusations ceased and praise flowed from the mouths of all those who, in the name of morals and ideals, had been upset by your indifference regarding your expression "*the higher in man*". What was scarcely noticed was that the voice of conscience found no spokesman for "*the high and the nobler*" but in the capacity of champion and advocate you took us back to far earlier origins in our own impulses. The further we probe these impulses the more we find, already buried there, parts even of the structure of our "*I*": its efforts to make the world we have before us unharful by being willing to take charge of its value judgements or with loving familiarity to include itself. For the moralist or metaphysicist the voice of conscience sounds all the more mystical when heard from afar and thus continuously out of time with the actual moment, and being linked to the unconscious it produces the effect of going from layer to layer and

echoing a thousand times; moreover it appears to be coming as much from the threatening rocky cliffs close by as from infinity, and sending us back into the nothingness of our earliest helplessness. (A. Stäarcke noted the true facts very accurately: "*The ideal that one appears to be striving for is the image of the introjected stimulus of what has passed: it lies behind us and doesn't entice us; instead it impels us.*" So it is, that the categorical imperatives of one's conscience are the unchanged imperative of one's impulses. Alexander in particular has increasingly shed light on the mentor of virtue within us, whose task it is to prod us lest our impulses lead us astray—in exactly the same way it suggested obedience to us when we were very young, anxious and helpless. But even when it spiritualises us and seems to validate in us whatever it might command, all it does is to present the rational detour which can prove to be the most likely way of fulfilling our desires. It results in the kind of ambiguity that enables Alexander, quite rightly, to talk of informers who stick to "*an introjected old code book*" seemingly to serve the defence mechanism but really to support impulsive desires. Thus it emphasises its kinship with the mechanism of neurosis where suffering seems to have been imposed like having a fine to pay

prior to it being incurred. The reason we feel guilty and in need of punishment, as if there were an informer and a policeman within us, is because, following the struggle between our inner assertiveness and the barriers to progress, our ethical ideals simply give way. (cf. Schilder's concurrence in his Psychiatry: "*The voice of conscience points out simultaneously our own preferences and inclinations: the ideal "I" is therefore built according to a formula of compromise*").

This close proximity of our highest values and the pathological most speedily eradicates the misunderstanding that value judgements were sacred imperatives. The obsessional neurotic, by way of an example, who for instance goes to absurd lengths in washing himself while at the same deplored the lax methods of others in keeping themselves clean, cannot help feeling entitled to lecture them on taking the matter seriously; and it goes on from there to regulate all manner of "should" with the invariable result that despair and the inability to cope with life take their toll and we lose our inner equilibrium, not in one fell swoop but gradually. As it happens, there's an instance lodged in my memory concerning parents and children, an instance I've seen repeated several times in different

families: how sorely vexing and bewildering it is when as a child you become aware of the fact that parents are far less rigorous in their thinking than they would have their children believe; even when an order has been given and the child has obeyed to the letter I've noticed the beginnings of a smile on the parent's face because the child had struggled painfully to do what it was bidden to do. The parents were not wanting to bring up "model children"—the very phrase is enough to make most people smile—but their use of such harsh pretexts shows that the parents are wanting to test, if only in a very small way, the amount of authority they possess. The blue ruled lines in the children's exercise books are destined to fade in time, and even the children who are tied to their mother's apron strings will shake them off to become more independent. If proper, purposeful authority is not established early on then not only does it fail to achieve its object, it is diverted away from the already successful framework of life and towards all sorts of odd weaknesses: what was at the start a natural external influence then settles like dry-rot one wasn't aware of in the supports and scaffolding of a building that is as yet unfinished; there are instances in the development of conscience when what we call the

"super I" and the "ideal I" go by other names: and "sense of guilt" and "desire for punishment", which from the dawn of infancy have had the power to exert a mystical effect even when judged rationally and in personal terms from a distance. In addition, it is a fact that they even prevent slavish obedience to dictates. For none of our impulses will give way to any "should"; we may like to feel—and we're prepared to admit it and condemn it—that our actions are impulse-free but the fact is that the more off-hand we are, the stronger an impulse becomes—as you yourself have emphasised. In our hearts all such candour is simply tidying up and making the place neater and more peaceful. For its part the impulse refurbishes itself according to its desires, transforming itself to suit compelling possibilities. Hence it is only analysis that can bring about "sublimation", and it is only a positive turning that merits being so called: this reappraisal, this redirecting (following "terminus", given to it by Tauskin order to rule out the danger of any value concept being introduced; or, as Spinoza points out in his *Ethics*: "We are happy not because we curb our passions, but because our passions fall away from our happiness". And another of Spinoza's glorious sayings: "*Complete perfection: joy*".

I could be mistaken but I'm under the impression that our psychoanalysis doesn't draw all the conclusions it could from the above. It is Alexander who more anyone has drawn attention to the problem of health. He felt, quite rightly, that in the examination of patients the explanations of conceptual analyses of the facts must be every bit as sharp and clear as pathological ones. For him, also, diagnoses were too unvarying. Granted, the line between sickness and health fluctuates, but it remains a matter of infinite importance, e.g. in our desire for punishment, be it in the form of a dead appendage, or remnants drooping from a growing plant, or the threat of withering away. In the natural course of events, given normal maturation, infantilisms will lose their imprint, their logic, like strips of morning haze wavering and finally fading in the midday sun. Whatever might remain must not impose itself like a list of strictures and definitions. The "super I", implanted in us by the demands of the external world must needs wither to the point at which we entrust our libidos with the maturing judgement of the "I" which will flourish in us; but it is a part that has taken in too much nourishment for its own growth and crop for it to remain hovering over us as an "ideal I" to make us feel

even more inferior or to whip us up into a frenzy and overstretch us. Doubtless, we can't avoid being stuck amid a thousand "guilt feelings" which inevitably accumulate from our copious store of faults and weaknesses, even though, in principle, this honest remorse doesn't distinguish between regrets of not having a proper Grecian nose or the biceps of a Max Schmeling. What one also finds convincing about it all is that "remorse" is always recognised only in the wake of "egoistic" actions or considerations, whilst "regret", that is equally as strong, can appear following an action that is said to be "selfless"; even though it is out of place in the midst of a variety of impulsive demands and is able to proceed without restraint of its own egoistic compulsion. Naturally a continual struggle takes place between the various impulses within us, and the more impulses a person is considered to have, the more wicked that same person is considered to be; and, of course, it's already been stated clearly, right there in the Bible: it says that our thoughts: "*accuse themselves and condemn themselves accordingly*"; it's simply the work they normally do among themselves, educating one another, as it is with a lot of children together, informing one another and swapping places. The way they adapt to one another—as with the

working of the lungs or the spleen or the liver, where any interference with them can only mean more pain, more sickness—always degenerates into a psychic tumult of know-all attitudes; one aggrieved impulse attacks the impulse that has just bested it until the second one is so gravely wounded that it repents. But all this results from life and from health, not from guilt and harm; there lies over it a great innocence—in stark contrast, for instance, to the timidity and arrogance of the obsessive subject obsessive who takes for granted that his punishment is of overriding importance, so much so that he is utterly convinced that a train must come off the rails, killing all the passengers on it, should he happen to be seated among them.

When moral imperatives that are far too rigorous and impractical disregard our impulsive nature, then that self-same nature, being of sound health will take issue even with the prevailing authoritative beliefs, in the same way that it would fight victoriously against slanders (as in the old Serbian chants, for instance, in praise of the hero, who, though Christianised, was prepared to risk divine wrath for the sake of his beloved sins). One mustn't forget the extent to which the disparagements and persuasions concerning the

"super I" and the "ideal I" equate with leftovers from the impressions and anxieties that were prevalent in infancy and consequently were somewhere between feeling guilty and feeling sorry and regretful: one can see that they make it all too easy to stray into neurosis. If obedience to established authority becomes too successful then the boundary of pathology will no longer be very far away—which means: repression of impulses is already present, though concealed, and expressing itself in physical urges—even the most compliant of servants cannot find power anywhere other than in the force of the impulses that have infected subjects and made them ill. All in complete accord with your "reality principle", the simple detour it normally takes in order to catch up with the "pleasure principle"; we persist with the requirements we started with: in no way will we not stand our ground—we can only imagine what it is like to be in pathological flight.

It is for this reason that we are able to make final and absolute judgements (as ethics cannot do) and ally ourselves with the ultimate worthiness which is religion (Eckehart: "*There is only one worthiness, God*".) For there has to be some place where worth can be

assessed and determined, so to speak, irrespective of its content and context. Just as parents mingle strictness with tenderness to keep their children from harm, so throughout mankind's history the task of all religion has been to meet the demands of restless individuals with the moral demands of a stable Kingdom of God. This is borne out by the dozens of examples of schools of morality that there are—let alone philosophical abstractions—extending from rudimentary guides to rewards and punishments to ascetic devotion to venerated imperatives. It is hard to understand how moral philosophers ever thought they could consider obligation in the absolute without anchoring it and retaining it in religion: no need for any fuss or showers of blessings. All the more so since in the field of ethics it is not possible, for instance , to pronounce some kind of special commandment or ban which had been scraped together from the metaphysics of morality and then exaggerated; no, this is entirely a matter of man's responsibility to his life, to the whole breadth of his being, and that includes all of life's diversities and trivialities; for it is in the smallest things that one needs to agree with the moral philosopher: he would be right; but nothing stays confined, or only of momentary note: everything

concerning the way we live is held together by limitless connections and interconnections. Every successful human being—by that I mean one who has remained sound in his beliefs, has always accepted the ethical requirements that set before him an unrelenting and endless task which, because of his human condition, he will never measure up to in his own right but only through the "bestowal of God's good grace". If one were to take away the graphic element of this religious phrase—that projects God into a reality outside our consciousness—then inevitably we find ourselves cast into the whirlpool of all realities, with no optional but to go along with it. Doubtless that means: crossing an ocean in a rocking boat—but then such is our human fate—and it will be of no use to pretend we are being towed by the mightiest steamship, bound for a destination that doesn't exist: this could only help lessen the keen attention we paid to the wind and weather. Yet the more we plunge ahead with constant fervour "as the hour dictates", into the actual present, the way things happen to be, instant by instant instead of volume by volume of instructions, of directives (written by humans!), then the more our life and behaviour are bound up with the whole of humanity, and what does that matter if one's tentative thoughts are

encompassed by all manner of possible errors and mistakes? If some people choose to call that immoral, arrogant, arbitrary, then all the more reason to point out to them that what they are doing is using convenient pronouncements to keep people at a comfortable infantile level, which, morally speaking, is a disgrace. At the same time, what are others doing by first and foremost daring to make up their own minds, daring to choose, to seek true worth? One is at one's most committed when acting on one's own accord—not with a calculated goal hidden within the methodology, relying on a flood of inspiration and accepting every risk. It's an action that is legitimised by its own transcendence and is saying: This is where I belong—I'm not simply making a stand in a struggle against a foe.—Am I being overbold?—Yes, because overboldness is what we humans have invented; it's what comes of being human and exercising judgement; exercising judgement is the most sublime adventure life has to offer.

IX

If one examines the process of evaluation which is inherent in all the other conscious events one sees clearly that it reflects the specific character of the very dawn of consciousness: both as an occurrence that is only ascertainable in terms of a doubling and as an occurrence taking place within as well as without. In this respect it scarcely matters how we represent it: it matters little whether we refer to it as the dawn of consciousness brought up sharply against an external resistance, or the other way round, as if something from the distant past that later became "us" had rejected everything else as being superfluous, though had chosen to remain conscious of it. The way we express ourselves, resulting as it does from conscious activations, recognises only two forms of wordmaking; but the moment we speak of processing by an indifferent consciousness the two involuntarily unite: (e.g., the distinction we make between organic and inorganic applies just as much to a lack of sensitivity ("irritability") as to a lack of reaction to impressions but we understand them as being one and the same). It

is not until we come to a more complicated stage (already showing resemblances to our own consciousness) when the two separate all over again; this is central in psychic experience and is best understood in the context of the insurmountable dichotomy of its logic, especially in the states of elation in having transcended the pathological, or else had been inspired to outdo the personal sentiment of the "I" by no longer standing out from the others in the unconscious. On the other hand this state of affairs most likely calls to mind the erotic problem and the question as to why we don't reserve our narcissism entirely for ourselves, thus avoiding, for the sake of one's object, pouring it away down the sink, love's drain, or offering it in gushes of endearment: the individual is divesting himself of too much, as if bent on isolating himself, which at the same time and in the same sense finds expression in the now opposing constraint that, so to speak, embraces him and assimilates him. Whether thinking or loving we can do no better than be guided by what you see to be, as you say: "*by far the most curious and as yet insufficiently acknowledged relationship of opposites in the unconscious,*" with the result that it is impossible to fathom what lies at the bottom not only of the conscious but also of the similarly impenetrable

unconscious . . . ("The data that the unconscious receives from the conscious is just as incomplete as the data on the external world received by the sense organs", and "What we think of as physical, like what we think of as psychic, need not in reality be as it appears." Freud). The conscious, fleeing from the overwhelming power of the unconscious as well as from the danger of remaining dissolved in, so to speak, the All-cohering, frees itself without a backward glance. It's only a matter of distinguishing between a world behind us and a world in front.

A dividing line runs between the two, like a ford connecting two stretches of water: a common bond , in fact, that goes unnoticed but prevents them pouring into eachother; like a narrow path going through a primordial forest, apparently having nothing to do with it, but denuding the forest all the same, albeit minimally. And so it goes. Our world emerges as we travel along the eagerly cleared path; at the same time, unreality closes in from both sides. The act of thinking is in itself an act of dissociation, of distancing oneself. Without it we would not be able to focus our attention. It is an act of cold negation towards everything else, in favour of some niggling detail, such as the fact that

"overoccupied", when emphasised libidinously becomes "overvalued". In this respect we are able to communicate with all beings that function consciously to one degree or other, without whose existence there wouldn't be an external reality as we humans imagine it, but only the restored unity of the internal and external environments that we believe we observe among the (to us, uncomplicated) living things that we view as being on the lowest level below us. To affirm our eminence we use thought in order to avoid every possible source of error which, having the same origin as ourselves, could be intrusive and bothersome. We escape primal reality by setting up a conceptual representation of the world, thus keeping ourselves alert to the fiction of our separateness when in fact it simply demonstrates that the scope of the conscious is confined to the centre of the field while the unconscious has all the space around it. Going back to our very first letters, I recall the joy it gave me to think I could understand your concept that the unconscious (even though you considered it at the time solely as the reservoir of repression, and not yet as part of the enlarged entity which you would refer to more impressively as the "it") was to count not only as a rudimentary reference for the remains of a

development but also for the "psychic reality" which includes everything and stays at the back of the conscious. For the process of becoming conscious means not only escaping from the unconscious, it also means running counter to it once more by weakening its images: this continues without cease and is effective only in the case of images that are fugitive, more or less forgotten, or reversed beyond recognition. I wrote to you at a time (1916) when : ". . . *For me there places where I feel that I now share views that I wouldn't have dared consider one or two years ago; now, however, I want to follow you very, very closely, step by step, so that I don't 'misinterpret' anything and so forego the joy of actually meeting you.*"

Whenever one attempts to depict the psychological process of thinking, it is, as it always is with other processes, the pathological clarifications that stand out as if written in Roman capitals. "*When we're not searching, like others, within ourselves, for the causes of certain sexual experiences that become evident externally, then this process also merits being called a projection*": those are the words to describe the paranoid who, fleeing from his unacknowledged impulses, sees them projected into the external world in

the form of enemies in pursuit—in complete agreement with you: one of your pupils, Wälder (Mechanisms of Psychosis and Possible Means of Influence, International Journal of Psychoanalysis. X, 1924) who goes on to say that all our consciousness "*is no more than rationalisation, so that not only our wrongly identified complex but also our firm opinion and correct finding have to be understood as rationalisation and projection.*" This proximity of the pathological never allows us to forget how very real are the simple acts of caution and prudence enabling us to keep our thoughts firmly under control in "normality", and not threatening one way or another to send us crashing down. We can tell mentally ill people are losing grip by their neo-logisms, negativisms, stereotyping, perseverations, etc. One can be forgiven for hiding a shiver, but these terms merely outline the usages of thought activity that may sometimes falter or sometimes rush in all directions: somewhat reckless, all told, compared with the way we, each with our own balancing pole, handle our affairs. As in matters of morality it is the obsessional neurotic who teaches us how lax and compromising, how frivolous are our efforts to go along with things that are forbidden or commanded, and the fact that we are protected in doing so only by

compromise, the happy medium; it is this that leads to a system of thinking for the purpose of advising and agreeing with people like ourselves to the "truth" as represented in the uniformity of the values, projected from the unconscious—that is to say (Freud) from the factual representations that developed there and to which we give the form of representation by words, by dilution of concepts, and by the abstractification of images. That is why you also emphasised that what we call memory likewise needs to be "*sharp enough to cut free from all trace*", that is to say, from the ones that have not yet been completely adapted by conventional thinking; consciousness arises "*in place of memory traces*", provided the notable process of excitation leaves no lasting changes behind but "falls flat" in the phenomenon of the dawn of consciousness. And so, by means of our thought conventions we reach the point where we can say that not only are we able to ignore any part of the deeper reality we choose, but that includes all the gaps, distortions, additions and eliminations that make up our image of the world as well as appearing positive and belonging to "the truth". It is only when our thinking is all too "abstract" that we begin to be aware of the danger of there being something within it: "the relationships between words

and their special meaning in the unconscious; and it cannot be denied our way of philosophising bears as regards both expression and content an undesired resemblance to the way a schizophrenic sets about things".

Granted the question concerning the psychological turning of the problem of reality into cognition theory should not be touched on, not even distantly; however, it does raise the psychological question as to whether or not there dwells in each and every one of us the suspicion of the readiness of thought to flee when it encounters an older, deeper reality, and whether or not this is the reason we, as conscious individuals, confronted by a "real" world, emerge with such arrogant assurance and why we also carried out an original repression, or else, looking at it from the outside, were seized by it. One considers the enormous overemphasising and overvaluing that indeed attaches to the concept we have of the "real": "real" that is as opposed to purely "subjective" which, being less "real" must needs take a step back; I've always been under the impression that it signified a bad conscience—a case of "knowing how to keep a secret" concerning the fact that we—being one and the same with this exterior—

had nevertheless separated from it and were now face to face with it; our overemphasising restores to what is confronting us the sense of the "real", a little of the reality that had been taken from it. You could say we've put it right. To some degree this dissolving of reality into appearance may even be the view of the so-called "naive realists", be it in the spirit of Berkeleyan philosophy, or in the imagination of the Indian with his Veil of Maya or some other "blatant nonsense"; perhaps it's a permanently unconscious, falsely reasoned, conceptual but secretly active grievance at being done out of the totality that we, together with the "real", represent and which fails in every way when we make ourselves and it the only positive things. There is in our understanding of the "real", a firmly held though unadmitted respect even for the least thing in reality, the same kind of respect we would accord to a prince whom we, unaware of his being of royal blood, take to be of the same rank as ourselves—absolutely equal. And is this secret assurance—inaccessible to the conscious mind to which the notion of a dividing line between inner and outer is, in principle, altogether absurd, as absurd as the idea of differentiating between what is subjective and what is real—is it incomprehensible to those whose own "real" existence cannot avoid having a

bodily form as a matter of course? to those whose consciousness results from the compulsive physical force driving the bloodstream? to those who know that their actual ability to think, make distinctions, lay plans, is due to energy and they heat, and to find their source need go no further than their own bodies? How is it that on the one hand we're not to credit the supra-subjective reality conveyed to us by our sense mechanisms—as much from the entire world outside as from one's own little world within—when on the other hand our own surreality is implicit in it? Looking at the moon when it's in its first quarter are we not to feel its entire roundness? At half moon we see it doubled, or even not at all (as Goethe puts it in his Scientific Writings: "*In the subject there is that which is in the object, and something else; in the object there is what is in the subject, and something more.*"

In Beyond... you refer to the conscious as being "our protection against stimuli", the guardian that wards off eruptions of external impressions by helping us to relax and to reject impressions that are too powerful. You also point out that it guards us against inner stimuli, physical urges that are noticeable on the outside of our bodies and by muscle cramp but are kept

in check by deep-seated controls that are inaccessible to us. And our consciousness bothers itself as minimally about keeping us all in one piece subjectively and personally as it does about external impressions fizzling out in the course of conscious procedures: it is neither consciousness nor is it "our" impulse. What we mean by "impulse" is actually hampered by a particular difficulty which is not attached to the purely formalistic character of the concept of consciousness: the impulse, as the content facing the formal dividing line of consciousness, is in an awkward position, all on its own, cleaving neither to one side nor the other. That is why you disapprovingly call it a "limit-concept between the physical and the psychic", and in fact biologists and psychologists have had—at least until today—nothing better to do than to toss "impulse" about amongst one another, so much so that as soon as one looks closely at it, wanting to fixate it, it stays up in the air, incapable of landing anywhere. I remember one day being fascinated by this and writing to you, saying that it was "really the stuff of fairy tales", for the leap that the "impulse" has to make from real to subjective—as if it were indissolubly responsible to the body for our thoughts, and at the same time acted as the point of departure for everything relating to our psyche—is a

trick of our consciousness system that can probably set one thinking. Consequently the internal and the external go round each other like a rotating door and if we follow this further we'll see it reverse and release the "I" in an act that is utterly demoniac and has no knowledge whatsoever, being so ancient and so backward in its thoughts of a distinction between the universal and the "I". And we find ourselves all over again back among mankind, back with the psychotic who has slipped out of consciousness and, so typically, is learning, as his condition improves, to communicate with the "I" of others by means of body language.

But even in the most normal situation it can happen that a compulsion is a little out of place in this conscious world of ours. We're no good at thinking in a purely impulsive way, apart, that is, from occasions when the sources of our errors, that our impulsive nature causes to fall drop by drop, unaffected by intelligence and perception: for this opposition to the affective is, after all, absurdly enough of necessity actually tied to the affective. We on the other hand are unable, conversely, to avoid thinking of our urges and activities and tendencies. This reciprocity of opposing elements so clearly reveals their affinity that

the "ambivalence" relating to their primal base can remove them and simply leave them around the perimeter of the surface of consciousness. Mind you, our impulse activities—if they don't want to fall out of the world—have to put up with the reality test by means of the rigour of the rules of consciousness; however, the way our categories of thought behave towards it is not completely dissimilar to the already mentioned sneakiness of our moral regulations: eventually and finally when a decision is to be made they bring up their biggest gun as an avowal of friendship. So the reality test proves here also to be simply an inevitable detour that enables one to attain, one's object of desire one way or another. Yes, it could well be said that our way of thinking—in comparison with our impulse-conditioned methods that go like a bull at a gate and come off all the worse—corresponds in fact to an even more naive methodology: as if its strict rules allow it to gather in more while from the start it leaves one half behind and shouts about the other half as being a whole. By remaining with the real, which to us is external, it is merely concealing its attempt to make itself the intellectual master once more, and at the same time to avoid fragmentation somewhat like a child playing a game with little tiles and stands back to

admire the faultless landscape scene that he has "laid". The tearing into pieces caused by the actual act of thinking finds its own method of restitching the tears; we turn our thinking process into something similar to love behaviour: by incorporating intellectually the lost connections—in the same way that one speaks, and not only figuratively, of the thinker's brain as being like an "eroticised organ". By the same token logico-critical study, although it is the antithesis of artistic imagination, nevertheless contains things that are analogous to those tendencies to create forms using the tiniest items such as drops of water which are assembled to form a shape. Is then our way of speaking in terms only of concepts in effect only a means of keeping apart elements that have been separated, one from another, to the point where they are somehow held fast in a mental image so that they can be squeezed into a logical pattern? But more striking still is the fact that our cognitive methods conform, on a third point, to the orientations of our impulses—even though, in principle, they have to keep separate right there, it being a matter of our making involuntary judgements. There is nothing that can be surer of not escaping our investigation and evaluation: we term it "truth". And it is founded upon neither practical

necessity and the importance attached to it, nor even upon a metaphysically valid overestimation, but upon an involuntary feeling that our human dignity depends on it. Didn't you in fact provide evidence of it yourself when you let slip the term "shameful" during a discussion you were holding on illusions, and how in their case we might go against reason and good sense?—albeit there was probably not a single person who would allow themselves to go so far as determining the value of some "truth" or whatever other than with an objective, no-nonsense approach. But what then precisely has our evaluation of the truth to do with our evaluation of the person? There's not a thing we're more familiar with than the most decisive of fundamental separations: thinking and judging, knowing and wanting—however conscious it might be. However, in setting out the cognitive results clearly we are simply re-stating that cognition is of paramount importance for us as it is for anything in question. While we try to keep aside our other compulsive judgements of a cognitive act, the evaluation in itself is a source of error to be avoided, even though there gushes from it the zeal of cognitive behaviour, such as it is.

It seems to me now that this confusion of thought and

evaluation needs to be brought to a happy conclusion: bearing in mind, that is, that for us, having had consciousness from birth, even the remains of our instinctive behaviour fails to function properly and needs to be put right. So it's quite a serious matter when—as has been reinforced several times recently—the intellectual attitude is regarded, reproachfully, as being demeaning and harmful to all who are truly alive, as if it stunted them or caused them to wither away. If someone who is made for walking loses the use of his legs, then the whole of the rest of his body will suffer as well. Conversely: we, by virtue of our general nature, are obliged to go about in a real world that is all the more given over to thought, while all the time we would prefer to just flit past all of it; yet our tendencies are unable to find a way to achieve their goal, which is a world that suits them. Does it move you when you consider that it is only by means of a thought-restricted and real-superficialised reality that we are able to help our inner world towards a longed for self-realisation? Like, for instance, erotic exuberance which needs to be lavished solely and completely on a limited and insufficient object in order to bring one's experience to maturity; or else like upswings of creative imagination which must summon all the artist's

energies so that he can work on stubborn materials with precision and dedication, ensuring that his vision is, down to the smallest detail, entirely just, and can live.

We are not just compromisers, as in neurosis—we are not simply, as in normality, people who are trying to find ways of replenishing or acquiring things with which we can support our own particular view—we "are" in fact "man in all his contradiction", and it is in coping with the resulting friction that we are able to live as conscious beings. The moment I met you I realised my future lay in the fundamental research that you had pioneered. What was such a colossal accomplishment on your part was now a gift to us all. Your insistence on rational thinking, together with your tireless commitment—most certainly!—enabled you to reveal what hitherto had lain hidden in the unconscious and to lay bare its incredible significance. It was a great occasion for me inwardly to be completely altering my thinking, and by following in your footsteps to be letting my conscious mind feel and value what my unconscious mind was striving after.

What I've set down here is, of course, little more than a makeshift account, not only because it lacks your high

standard of literacy and your power of expression, but because I have a strong feeling that my words are unnecessary and that there is nothing, nothing,nothing, I can do other than offer you my thanks.

Göttingen, Spring 1931

Lou